

The
SPIRIT OF JAPAN

with

SELECTED POEMS
AND ADDRESSES

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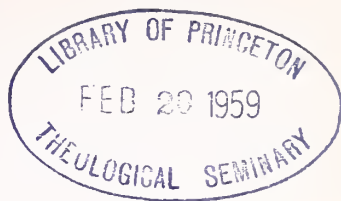
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DR. E. A. STURGE.



The
SPIRIT OF JAPAN

WITH SELECTED POEMS
AND ADDRESSES

OF

✓
ERNEST ADOLPHUS STURGE, M. D., PH. D.

Missionary of the Presbyterian Board to the
Japanese in California

With Introduction by

REV. HENRY COLLIN MINTON, D. D., LL. D.

Ex-Moderator of General Assembly of
Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

EDITED BY THE COMMITTEE
under the auspices of Members of the
PRESBYTERIAN JAPANESE MISSIONS ON THE COAST

HEADQUARTERS
121 Haight Street, San Francisco, California

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1903

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO
Mrs. C. H. STURGE,
THE BELOVED MOTHER OF OUR DEAR DOCTOR,
BY
ADMIRING FRIENDS.

PRESS OF
H. S. CROCKER COMPANY
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INTRODUCTION



THE desire for some permanent token of recognition on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the work of Doctor and Mrs. Sturge is characteristically Japanese in this, that it is both grateful and very graceful. And, at the same time, it is both appropriate and worthily directed. Doctor and Mrs. Sturge have the affectionate esteem of all who know them, both for their worth's sake and for their works.' There is no more interesting missionary work on this continent than that which has been quietly but efficiently carried on all these years among the Japanese community in San Francisco. The conditions are unique. It is work at home in the interest of a foreign people. No country made history more rapidly during the last third of the nineteenth century than did the Sunrise Kingdom. The hour struck for the Nippon of the past and the new Japan came forth almost in a day. The fear has not been that it should not move fast enough but that it should move too fast.

The Japanese are to the Chinese in Asia largely what the French are to the English in Europe. There are elements of strength and stability in the conservative Chinese character which one will look for in vain in

Japan. And this mercurial trait of the Japanese character has not failed to reflect itself in the annals of modern missionary work in Japan. It has been a series of advances and repulses, of actions and reactions. Fifteen years ago Japan was one of the most encouragingly responsive countries open to the choice of the Christian missionary; a half dozen years ago it was in the trough of the sea, and Japan, with its intellectual *hauteur* and reactionary anti-supernaturalism, was forbidding and almost hostile to evangelical effort; while at the present moment, after the far-sweeping and wonderful Pentecost-like evangelical revival which in that country signalized the ushering in of the new century, it is the richest and most fruitful soil in all the east, if not in all the world.

These successions of ebb and flow have swept eastward across the broad Pacific and have not been unfelt in missionary work among the Japanese at the Golden Gate. But through them all this work in San Francisco, under the consecrated leadership of Doctor and Mrs. Sturge, has held right on to its course.

It has sent to the theological seminary across the bay a number of its most eager and devoted students, and these are to-day doing noble work for Christ in the work of the ministry of the Gospel. In the class of 1891 were Messrs. Hattori and Mitani, the former now at work in his native land and the latter among his countrymen in the Hawaiian Islands; in 1894, Mr. Inazawa, the author of this book and the diligent and earnest missionary to

his countrymen in the south-bay counties of California, and Mr. Okuno, son of the pioneer Moody of early Japanese missions and himself a Christian gentleman of fine spiritual attainments, who came to an early death soon after his graduation; in 1895, Dr. Hoshino, who, after leaving the seminary, completed a course at the Cooper Medical Institute in San Francisco, and is now exerting a strong Christian influence in the city of Yokohama; and in 1901, Mr. Sakabe, who is doing a very useful work in charge of an adjunct mission in San Francisco. Certainly these are enough to show that, in connection with many other sides of his work, Dr. Sturge has been conducting a sort of preparatory school from which have come out a goodly number of ministers of the Gospel who are destined to multiply his godly influence on two continents for the years that are to come.

No one can have visited Japan, with its lovely landscapes and dainty cherry blossoms and magnificent Buddhist temples and sequestered Shinto shrines, without ever afterwards having the deepest interest in the future of that almost fairyland of the east; and no one can have come into close contact, as the writer of this has done, with the Japanese character, with its picturesque *naiivité* and ceremonial politeness and charming gentleness of manners, without having that interest greatly deepened and enhanced. Dr. Sturge's work only needs to be better known to the Christian people of our own churches in order that it may be more highly appreciated by them.

His work is not so much for to-day as for to-morrow; not so much directly for the few thousand Japanese people in California now as indirectly for the millions of Japanese in their native land.

I trust that this anniversary may be to Doctor and Mrs. Sturge the occasion not only for the expression of the grateful appreciation of the Japanese Christians in California; not only for a renewed interest in their work on the part of their many friends in the churches of California, but also, by the favor of God, for a fresh development of faith and effort and fruitfulness in the singularly interesting work to which, in the providence of God, they have been called and in which they have been so graciously blessed.

HENRY COLLIN MINTON.

San Anselmo, September 1, 1902.



MRS. E. A. STURGE.

PREFACE



THIS book of verses is brought to the public attention through the efforts of the young men of the Japanese Y. M. C. A., who desire in some way to express their appreciation and gratitude for the years of untiring fidelity to the cause of that institution, upon the part of Dr. Sturge.

For fifteen years Dr. Sturge has superintended the work of the Japanese Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. By his indefatigable zeal and painstaking kindness he has won the respect and affection of all those who have come under his tutelage, and these, in recognition of the years of earnest toil for the education and advancement of the Japanese in San Francisco, have resolved to surprise their benefactor by the publication of these verses written by him for his own entertainment and with no thought of ever seeing them in print.

As a patriotic and warm-hearted people, we desire in this public manner to express our gratitude for the continued and untiring efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Sturge, and I am confident that not only the Japanese of California, but also those at home will ever remember Dr. and Mrs. Sturge for their kindness to us.

These poems reveal a wonderful insight upon the part of the writer into the character and spirit of the Japanese people.

Rhythm and rhyme alone do not constitute poetry, but the true poet must have a profound knowledge of that concerning which he writes, and a deep insight into the innermost spirit of what he undertakes to depict. The poet is born, not made. The impulse must come from within, not from without, just as the author himself says:

“* * * * * The spirit hidden in the breast
Is painted, not externals, and perhaps this way is best.”
—Japanese Art.

These poetic qualities are amply evidenced in the writings of Dr. Sturge. He has shown an unusual knowledge of the life and character of the Japanese and a wonderful insight into the dominating spirit of the people of “Old Japan.”

Few Americans have so fully understood and expressed the traits and influences of Japanese life. This writer was indeed inspired in the writing of these verses, and they are to a remarkable extent a revelation of the spirit of “Old Japan.”

K. TOSAWA.

San Francisco, September 7, 1902.



Mrs. C. H. Sturge.



Mr. Adolphus Sturge.

SKETCH



A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ERNEST A. STURGE.

ERNEST ADOLPHUS STURGE was born of English parents, in Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A., April 29, 1856.

The name Ernest, given to him in infancy, pretty well describes his nature.

He was always serious, less fond of play than most boys, gentle and obedient, and one who gave his parents comparatively little trouble or anxiety. From both mother and father he inherited a robust constitution, and from the latter, who was a natural artist and poet, a strong love for the beautiful, both in nature and art.

When eleven years of age, the family moved to Bridgeton, New Jersey, and in that quiet town of ten thousand inhabitants the subject of this sketch grew up to manhood, receiving his education in the public and private schools.

The parents, though not rich, were in comfortable circumstances. It was not from necessity, therefore, but from personal inclination, that Ernest, at the age of fifteen, secured a contract from the United States Government to carry the mail for one year between the post-

office and the railroad station. He went before the county clerk and took an oath to perform this duty faithfully, and he did, never failing to be on time.

At the end of the year, he found that he had saved several hundred dollars, and knowing of no better way of spending it, he decided to make a voyage across the Atlantic, and visit his English relatives.

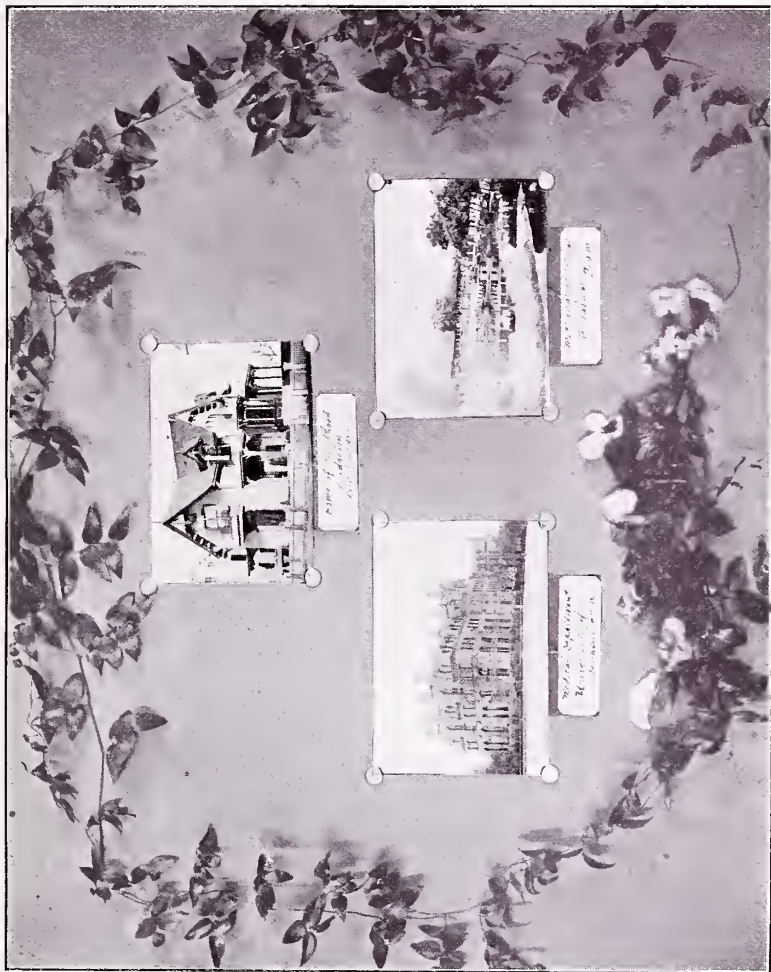
This was a rather formidable undertaking for a lad of sixteen, but the journey was made without mishap, and certainly with great benefit, as it awakened a strong desire for study and more extended travel.

Though from childhood possessed of a strong religious nature, it was not until his return from England that he made a public profession of his faith, and united with the First Presbyterian Church of Bridgeton.

It was about this time that he began to think seriously of becoming a medical missionary. In order to fit himself for this work, he spent three years in the study of Latin, Greek and higher mathematics, then entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated with honorable mention in 1880.

His vacations were spent in the study of science, so that he was enabled to pass successfully the examination for the degree of PH. D. at the same institution in the summer of the same year.

Having been accepted as a medical missionary by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and leaving



Home of Doctor's Childhood, Bridgeton, New Jersey.

Medical Department University of Pennsylvania.

Missionary Cottage, Petchaburi, Siam.

the choice of the field to the Board, he was appointed to go to Petchaburi, Siam. He sailed in August, 1880, going to Asia by way of Europe and again spending a short time with the English relatives.

While a medical student in Philadelphia, he met the lady who was to become the sharer of his joys and sorrows, both abroad and in the home-land. Knowing the climate of Siam to be unhealthful, the young physician thought it advisable to go out alone, with the understanding that if climatic and other conditions should not prove too unfavorable, his intended was to follow him. This she did a year later, crossing the Pacific and being met by Dr. Sturge at Hongkong.

They proceeded at once to Canton, China, where the two were made one by Rev. B. C. Henry, D. D., a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, August 27, 1881. The home established by this union has been for more than twenty-two years a very happy one; and we trust has had its influence for good as an object-lesson to the Siamese, who have no word in their language for home and who sometimes asked in surprise if the doctor and his wife never swore at one another.

From the beginning there was plenty of work for the physician. With the assistance of an English uncle, he was enabled to build a small hospital, the first in Siam, without any help from the Mission Board. Some years Dr. Sturge treated as many as five thousand patients. Quite a number found in the hospital the Great Physician, and united with the little company of believers.

Some of those who found Christ in this way are still living, while others have gone to join the larger company of believers above.

One who came a long distance for physical healing became an earnest preacher of the Gospel to his people, and proved faithful unto the end, dying as a Christian martyr.

During these years Mrs. Sturge had charge of the Petchaburi Boys' School.

The doctor and his wife passed through two fearful epidemics of cholera, and these were indeed busy and anxious times. Both were attacked by the dread disease, but the husband's case was more critical. His life for a time seemed to be hanging by a single thread. Notwithstanding frequent illnesses, due to malaria and other tropical disorders, the five years they spent in Siam were happy and useful ones. At the end of that time, broken health compelled a return to the United States.

Many natives gathered on the bank to wave a sad good-bye, as the house-boat, bearing the medical missionary and his wife floated down the river, on the way to Bangkok, where they took a steamer for the homeland.

In the spring of the following year (1886), while resting in San Francisco, expecting soon to return to Siam or to some other field in Asia, this missionary couple became greatly interested in some Japanese who had formed an independent society for the study of the Bible, and for mutual improvement, meeting in an upper room on Golden Gate Avenue.



Headquarters Japanese Presbyterian Church and Y. M. C. A., 121 Haight St., S. F.
Old Japanese Presbyterian Mission Home, Watsonville, Cal.
Japanese Presbyterian Mission Home, Salinas, Monterey Co., Cal.
Japanese Presbyterian Mission Home, 22 Prospect Place, San Francisco, Cal.

At the request of the missionaries laboring among the Chinese in California, Dr. and Mrs. Sturge were appointed by the Board to continue in San Francisco, and build up a Presbyterian Japanese Mission. No urging was necessary, as the hearts of the doctor and his wife were at once drawn to these earnest and intelligent young men. Both cheerfully taught classes of Japanese students who were anxious to learn the English language.

In the early days there was no native evangelist to assist in the work and Dr. Sturge conducted most of the religious services on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, while his wife presided at the organ.

The Japanese Young Men's Christian Association was organized and soon the association was moved to a larger and better building on Mission Street. This also became too small for the growing society and the adjoining house was rented.

After three years thus spent, the doctor, believing that his vocation was medical work rather than teaching, the Japanese Mission was placed in the competent hands of Rev. A. Hattori, a Japanese minister, who had taken a post graduate course in one of our eastern theological seminaries; and Dr. and Mrs. Sturge being now relieved, spent a year in Germany, and another in visiting various parts of the United States; when again, at the urgent request of the Board, they resumed charge of the Japanese Mission on the Pacific Coast.

Dr. Sturge being now assured that he was called to this work, threw his whole heart into it. The old theo-

logical seminary on Haight Street was purchased for the headquarters of the Japanese work, and a branch mission home was opened in another portion of the city. Through the generosity of the Assembly's Board three other flourishing mission stations have been founded, one being at Los Angeles, one at Salinas and the other at Watsonville.

During all these years Dr. Sturge has been ably assisted by the Japanese and any success that he has met with is due largely to this fact. About three hundred young men have united with the mission church since Dr. Sturge took charge. Most of these are now in Japan, helping by their words and lives to witness for their Master.

Dr. and Mrs. Sturge, after a score of years of mission work, are only in middle life. How many years are left to them they know not, but they ask for nothing better than to be permitted to spend them all in the service of the Master and in assisting the Japanese whom they dearly love.



PART FIRST



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PART FIRST

SELECTED POEMS



THE AUTHOR'S PRAYER.



My life, dear Lord, like harp unstrung,
 Has only rung
With discord drear, or else stood mute,
 Like rifted flute.

O God, I am not satisfied
 To thus abide.
I would be useful, if I knew
 What I should do.

This harp I bring to Thee, my King;
 Tune Thou each string.
I'm waiting, Master, at Thy feet;
 Make me complete.

Dear Master, bring out every tone,
 I'm Thine alone;
Oh, let me sing at Thy command,
 Touched by Thy hand!

ONE STRING AND PAGANINI.



“One string and Paganini!”

The master cried, and drew
His bow o'er one remaining string,—
The rest had snapped in two.—
The violin seemed crippled,
And quite unfit to play ;
But one string in the master's hands
Made melody that day.

If we our single talent
Resign into the hands
Of our great Master, who has made,
And fully understands,
Each one of us, His instruments,
His power through us will flow,
As Paganini skill, that day,
Transmitted through his bow.

DOUBT AND FAITH.



Doubt seems a bird without a wing;
It cannot fly, it cannot sing;
It never did a useful thing
 To tell about.

Faith spread the wings that crossed the sea,
To find this land for you and me;
And Faith did everything that we
 Feel proud about.

Doubt tunnels into some great height,
And dwells in gloom of endless night,
Not digging through to find the light
 It doubts about.

Faith, piercing Alps, comes out again
Where flowers deck Italia's plain,
And sends to heaven its glad refrain,
 With mighty shout.

Doubt tears the chart, cuts down the mast,
And breaking compass, leaves at last
Our helpless boat on ocean vast,
 To float about.

But Faith has done such mighty things,
No wonder the apostle sings
In praises of the faith that brings
 Such things about.

COPYING THE MASTER.



To study Munich's works of art,
And find the secrets hidden there,
The students come from every part
To copy paintings old and rare.

Long since, the masters passed away,
And yet they speak in colors bright,
As speaks the sun at close of day,
In lovely lines of living light.

Among the students, side by side
Wrought two, who reproduced with care
A picture of the crucified
Redeemer, that was hanging there.

In contemplation they remained
Some time, and then produced again
The curves and colors that had gained
The admiration of all men.

Each day the pictures grew to be
More like the one upon the wall,—
The blessed Christ upon the tree,
Who gave Himself to save us all.

Some days they little progress made;
Indeed, it seemed the other way;
Unsatisfied with shape or shade,
They scraped their former work away.

A little color here and there
Was added, and perhaps a line
Was drawn again with greater care;
And so they wrought from time to time.

There came a day when both were done;
They looked upon their work with pride;
But, glancing from their own to one
Above, they were not satisfied.

'Tis thus each one should copy Him
Who came from heaven to be our guide,
Who died to save us from our sin;
And yet, who can be satisfied?

But if we do the best we can,
Will not the Master say, "Well done!"
And make complete what we began,
When our brief day on earth is done?

Though we should copy every day,
In order that we may succeed,
And follow Him, who is the way,
We each an inward fitness need.

No artist ever yet became,
By copying another's art,
Renowned in song, or known to fame;
True works of art spring from the heart.

The artist must be born, not made;
His own exertions will not make
A genius. Is art a trade
That any one can undertake?

So, likewise, those who wish to form
The image of the One they love
Upon life's canvas, must be born
A second time, from heaven above.

CARE.



'Tis Care drives the plow
That furrows the brow.
The silvery hair
Is frosted by Care.

I know where Care stays
By the tracks which he lays;
By tear-bedimmed eyes
And sorrowful sighs.

Corroding Care is everywhere—
In mansion grand and attic bare,
On every hand lurks hateful Care.

Would you know how
To stop the plow
That furrows the brow?

Would you know where
To lose the care
That whitens the hair?

“Come, laden one,” we hear Christ say,
“Here at My feet your burden lay;
I'll help you bear it day by day.”

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.



What peace had Christ, the crucified?
He said, "My peace I give," and then
Went out to bear from cruel men
The scourge, the buffeting, the cross,
To bear the world's great load of sin;
Had Jesus peace? Yes, peace within.

This peace had Christ, the crucified;
A peace that gave Him power to bear
The dreadful cross, and all the woes
Inflicted by His cruel foes,
Without a murmur; while His prayer
Was made for those who placed Him there.

This peace gives Christ, the crucified,
A peace that, while we follow Him
And suffer, we may feel within
A calmness that the world knows not.
He may not give an easy lot,
But peace within, sweet peace within.

LOVE.



'Tis love hath power to change a humble home
Into a very paradise of bliss ;
But if 'tis absent, even palaces
Are cold and cheerless. Yes, 'tis love alone
Can make a heaven in the next world or this.

It will not be the pearly gates above,
Nor glassy sea, nor streets of purest gold,
Nor all the glories such as we are told
In Revelation make up heaven ; but love,—
The love of God and man together rolled.



HOPE.



Hope is full of cheer,
Hovering on sunny wings,
Whispering of better things,
Into every ear ;
Helping weary ones to bear
Poverty and pain and care ;
Hope is ever here.

PEACE.



Peace is a lovely angel with white wings ;
 Beatitude is beaming in her face.
 The rarest, sweetest blossoms fill her hands ;
 Such only bloom in that most favored place
 Where sweet Contentment at her labor sings.
 Where'er the dark and angry clouds of war
 Do hang with sullen, threatening aspect o'er
 Our little world, this angel flies and fans
 With her untiring, swiftly-moving wings
 The gathering gloom, and drives each cloud that lowers
 Away ; then scatters o'er the land her flowers.



THE DIVINE WEAVER.



The threads of life are gathered up
 Into Thy hand divine ;
 And as the shuttle of the years
 Flies swiftly, and to us appears
 A glimpse of Thy design,
 We see in part—for Thou alone,
 Beholding from Omniscient Throne
 Canst see the finished web—
 But from the glimpse we have, we know
 The pattern will in beauty grow
 Until before us spread
 Will be the whole, and not a span,
 The work begun when time began,
 Complete in every thread.

LOVE ABIDES.



Love is ever young and strong;
Passion will grow cold in time;
Love, if true, will last as long
As the heavens; it is divine.

Admiration takes its flight,
When the natural beauty wanes;
Love depends not on the sight;
'Tis immortal and remains.

Love will cease not with the breath;
Freed from passion, purified,
Stronger far than life or death,
Love forever will abide.

Earthly passions turn to dross,
And so perish; love, like gold
Purified, sustains no loss;
Love, if true, can ne'er grow cold.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.



Why should we speak
In Latin or Greek,
Dead as a nail,
And stiff as a rail?
Far above these
A language of ease
Speaks with the eye,
Sometimes in a sigh
Or grasp of the hand,
Which all understand.
These make no slips
Like stammering lips.
Speech born of love—
All others above—
Learned not at school,
Nor governed by rule,
Comes, without art,
Right out of the heart.

THE BIBLE.



The Bible is a mirror, where we see
Ourselves, imperfect, soiled, and clothed in rags;
But standing near to us, with outstretched hands,
We see the Christ, who beckons us to Him
For cleansing, dress and everything we need.

Approach this mirror with an open face;
Throw off the veil of prejudice, and take
One look at self—one look will be enough—
Then look on the reflected image there,
Not thine, but God's revealed in Christ our Lord.

With bended knee, gaze on that lovely face
Until His likeness forms within thy soul,
And self will be transformed, not lost, but raised
From glory unto glory, till you bear
In your own features, God's, your Maker's, grace.

From glory unto glory, till at last,
The one you dimly saw reflected there,
You shall in perfect beauty clearly see.
Then face to face. The glass may pass away;
You'll need it not in heaven's brighter day.

THE GOSPEL MINE.



On old Pacific's wave-washed shore
There is a Golden Gate ;
Through this, for thirty years or more—
Borne by the stream of fate—
The Japanese have found their way
To western lands ; a while to stay
Within the Golden State.

A few who came with hopes and fears
Found here a richer mine
Than any found by pioneers
Who came in 'forty-nine.
This precious treasure still remains,
And all who will may take up claims
To riches for all time.

And rich, indeed, is he who finds,
Here, in the Golden State,
The treasures of the Gospel Mines,
Where riches still await
The earnest seekers, young and old,
Who enter through the gate of gold,
Borne by the stream of fate.

TO REV. M. C. HARRIS, D. D.

Upon the completion of fifteen years of labor for the Japanese
on the Pacific Coast.



Dear doctor, since you first came here,
The flying shuttle of the year
Has sped some fifteen times;
And every year the pattern grew
In loveliness, as, added new,
Were other graceful lines.

Thank God, the thread of life holds strong!
And may the time be very long
Before the set of sun;
When every thread shall be complete,
The web spread at the Master's feet,
You hear the sweet, "Well done!"

BETTER THAN GOLD.



Better the word of the Lord than much gold ;
Better than anything e'er bought or sold ;
Better than treasures, which men cannot hold ;
Better than gold, yes, better than gold.

Better the story its pages unfold ;
Better than anything else ever told ;
Better the treasures it holds, new and old ;
Better than gold, yes, better than gold.

Better than money-bags soon to grow old ;
Better than anything destined to mold ;
Better than stories which pall when once told ;
Better than gold, yes, better than gold.

GOLDEN WORDS.



Words, when fitly spoken,
Are like to fruit of gold,
And fairer than the apple
Which jealous Eris rolled
Among the guests assembled
Upon the wedding day
Of Peleus and Thetis,
Which caused an awful fray.
Words, when fitly spoken,
Will heal a breaking heart;
Loving words, like ointment,
Will take away the smart.
Gold oft causes discord,
Like Eris' golden ball;
Golden words are better,
And in the reach of all.

BELLICOSE BELLS IN ENGLAND.



From yonder graceful steeple high,
 That points straight upward to the sky,
 Eight bells call out to passers by:
 "This is the true and only church—
 All others leave you in the lurch—
 The mother church, the church of Rome,
 Come home! Come home! Come home! Come home!"

A little church with steeple slight,
 And one coarse bell, quite impolite,
 Most brazenly made this reply:
 "'T'sa lie! 'T'sa lie! 'T'sa lie! 'T'sa lie!"

Another church with steeple grand,
 A temple aided by the land,
 Called out, "O people, understand,
 This is God's church! Oh, cease your strife!
 The place, of all, to God most dear;
 We teach the way, the truth, the life.
 Come here! Come here! Come here! Come here!"

Again, I heard same bell dissent;
 A little bell on discord bent,
 In angry tones make this reply:
 "'T'sa lie! 'T'sa lie! 'T'sa lie! 'T'sa lie!"

OUR SHIELD.



You've read the story of Elaine, the fair,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
Who guarded in her tower, with jealous care,
The scarred and blazoned shield of Lancelot;
And how she made for it a cover rare,
To shield the shield from any rust or spot.

You've read how she would daily climb the tower,
Strip off the case, and read the naked shield,
And gaze on its depressions by the hour,
And guess the meaning which each dent revealed:
"This but a scratch, while that one shows the power,
Such as a mighty arm alone could wield."

"This made at Camelot, and that elsewhere;"
"This scar," she thought, "was new and that one old;
And ah, God's mercy! what a stroke was there!
And this blow would have killed, had not God rolled
The great foe down, and saved the brave knight there."
And "so she lived in fantasy" we're told.

'Tis well, at times, to bar the chamber door,
And thus, in secret, gaze upon our shield;
Far richer and more precious in its lore
Than that which earthly armor e'er revealed.
The Saviour is the Shield, Who for us bore
The fiercest onslaught that our foe could wield.

See! on the brow are scars which show the place
Where cruel thorns were pressed, and on the back
Are marks made by the lash, and on the face
Are signs of smiting; and behold the track
Of nails in feet and hands which richest grace
Dispensed, supplying many people's lack.

And there, behold that scar upon the breast!
Which marks the place the soldier's spear went in;
Had not our Shield received this and the rest,
And broken there our foe's strong lance of sin,
We would have died, instead of being blest
To share forever heaven's joys with Him.



THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.



The Great Physician's sympathizing heart
Is moved to pity by the cruel smart
That any of His loved ones have to bear;
He mixes for each one the cup with care,
And puts in not one bitter drop too much;
He stills life's fever with His soothing touch;
Each untoward symptom, by His wise control
Is mastered, till the loved ones are made whole.

JESUS SAW THE SIGNAL.



In a ward lay little Bobbie ;
Both his legs were crushed and torn
By a truck ; and close beside him
Sat a comrade, Billy Dorn.

“ Bobbie,” said his young companion,
Bending o’er the iron cot,
“ Have you ever heard of Jesus ?”
“ No,” said Bobbie, “ I have not.”

“ Well, a teacher at the Mission
Told us, when a feller dies,
If we axed Him, He would take us
To His home up in the skies.”

“ There is never cold nor hunger,
Pain, nor cause for any tear.”
“ What a jolly place !” said Bobbie,
“ Not for like of us, I fear.”

“ Teacher said,” continued Billy,
“ Jesus never turns away
Any feller ’cause he’s ragged,
And has not a cent to pay.”

“Wish I knew where I could find him;
But it is no use to know;
If I knew,” sighed weary Bobbie,
“Without legs how could I go?”

“Teacher said that Jesus passes
By, and you can speak to Him.”
“Oh, that I might see Him, Billy,
But the lights are growing dim!”

“Raise your hand, and He will see you.”
Languidly poor Bobbie tried;
But it fell because of weakness,
In a moment, at his side.

“I’m too weak,” sighed weary Bobbie.
“I will help you,” Billy said;
And all night he propped the little
Arm upon the iron bed.

Jesus passed. He saw the signal;
Took poor Bobbie to that home
Where there is no cold nor hunger,
Whence the inmates never roam.

INTOLERANCE.



Some call a man intolerant
Because he tries to fight
The gambling-hells and grog-shops,
And sin with all his might;
Because he hates corruption,
And everything untrue;
If this is called intolerant,
I would be called so, too.

Some call a man intolerant
Because he does his best
To put a stop to traffic
Upon the day of rest;
And yet his heart may throb with love
For Gentile and for Jew.
If this is called intolerant
I would be called so, too.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.



The year is done; its record is complete.
Another leaf is turned, another sheet
In life's account-book, and before your eyes
The new year, like a page unsullied, lies.
Soil not the clean, white page as you begin
Another record; blot it not with sin;
But let the writing be both fair and true;
Not such as you will be ashamed to view,
Or seek to wash away with bitter tears,
As you behold it in the coming years.

The years are flying swiftly; each when passed
Should show a better record than the last;
Until the book of life again you give
To Him Who gave to you this life to live,
And Who is proving by your doings here
Your fitness for existence in that sphere
Where years are numbered by no little world
Revolving round the sun; for there unfurled
Eternity shall stretch through endless time,
And you shall enter on the life divine.

A CLEAN RECORD.



Much better the vessel should never be broken,
Than shattered and mended again ;
What hand hath the requisite skill to restore,
And make it again what it had been before
It fell? Is it not so with men?



THE HIDDEN FUTURE.



'Tis well we have not power to look
Within life's sealed, mysterious book,
And read what's written for us there ;
If we upon that page could glance,
We might lack courage to advance
Upon a path beset with care.

Enough for us that God knows all
That must to each of us befall,
For He alone marks out our way ;
And He will give us power to bear
Each burden, and will with us share
The load we carry day by day.



PART SECOND



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The Spirit of Yamato.

PART SECOND

THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN



THE SPIRIT OF YAMATO.



When the sun ascends the eastern sky,
And the cherry blooms perfume the air,
There is something comes to the Samurai
Like the voice of an incense-laden prayer;
And a whisper says: "It is sweet to die
At the Master's call; but never fly."

With their delicate fleeting, fragrant breath,
The magnificent petals that quickly fall,
To the Samurai's spirit speak of death,
For they say in language known to all:
"We relinquish our hold on the parent trees,
And we fall at the call of the morning breeze."

CREATION OF JAPAN.



A god and goddess took their stand
Upon the rainbow bridge that spanned
 The heaving, shoreless sea,
Until that time, we understand
Was water only, for the land
 Had not begun to be.

Thus, standing o'er the wide expanse
Of sea, the god thrust in his lance;
 At once the drops congealed.
Then, lo! that matchless chain of isles
Which stretches full two thousand miles,
 In beauty stood revealed.

There stood the mountain crowned with snow,
The azure lakes reposed below,
 Like mirrors for the skies,
The waterfalls and streams that gleam,
And fields and woods in living green,
 In nature's fairest dyes.

All other lands are from the foam
Of ocean made; Japan alone
 Came from the jeweled spear.
No wonder that this land most blessed,
The first created and the best,
 To Japanese seems dear.



The Birth of the Gods.

MATCH-MAKING.



Every year, upon the last day
Of the ninth month, the believers
In the Shinto faith assemble
At the shrines to hold their farewell
Meetings for gods of Nippon,
Who at that time make a journey.

In the province of Izumo,
At the grave of brave Susano,
Who laid low the fearful dragon,
Which devoured the maids of Nippon,
For a month the gods assemble,
To arrange for future bridals.

Here, unseen by earthly mortals,
Gods select the youths and maidens
Who will in the year to follow
Be united to each other
In the holy bands of wedlock.
What an anxious time for lovers!

One month later, the disciples
Meet at Shinto shrines to welcome
Back the gods, and in the wooing,
Which is always sure to follow,
Urge that those by gods united,
Men should not attempt to sunder.

THE BIRTH OF THE GODS.



Two heavenly beings, Yo and In,
Stepped down from the rainbow bridge,
To the beautiful earth, undefiled with sin;
And sacred to many since then has been
The bold Kirishima's ridge.

Then Yo on the left side, and In on the right,
Explored the magnificent isle,
So lately awakened from chaos and night.
Through paradise crowded with every delight,
They wandered for many a mile.

They circle the beautiful island and meet
Again on the opposite shore;
"To meet such a lovely companion is sweet!"
The goddess exclaimed, in her joy to greet
Her heavenly lord once more.

The goddess spoke first, as a goddess will,
Which angered her spouse divine;
Who, vexed at this liberty, bade her be still,
And also to make, for opposing his will,
The journey a second time.

They circled the island and met again
Once more on the other side;
"How sweet is the pleasure," cried Yo, who began,
"To meet such a goddess as you, in Japan!
Together now let us abide."

Thus, love had beginning, and from it there sprung
Both the gods and people of earth ;
The first was a daughter, the radiant sun,
Called Ama-Terasu, the glorious one,
Transferred to the sky from her birth.

The second, a daughter called Tsuki, the moon,
Resembling the sun, but less bright ;
At first they reigned jointly, but poor Tsuki soon
Offended her sister, who ordered the moon
To show herself only at night.

The third was Hiruko, a cripple, and he
At three was unable to stand ;
So making a boat from a sweet camphor tree,
They set him afloat on the wide open sea,
The first of the fisherman's band.

The fourth was a scape-grace, Susano by name,
Who ruled o'er the great, restless sea ;
His spirit the gods were unable to tame ;
He trod down the rice-fields again and again,
His sister had sown on the lea.

The gods of the mountains, the thunder and rain,
The gods of the rivers and earth,
The god of the winds and the god of flame,
With myriad others, too many to name,
From these we have mentioned had birth.

THE POUTING SUN-GODDESS.



One day, as the sun-goddess sat at her loom,
Her vexatious brother threw into the room
A hide that was reeking, just stripped from a horse;
The goddess was angry at conduct so coarse;
She wept and she frowned, and in order to pout
She entered a cave and refused to come out;
But shutting herself in an adamant tomb,
She left the poor world in the deepest of gloom.

The gods tried to coax the bright one to come out;
They built her a palace both ample and stout;
They made for her jewels and beautiful clothes,
And also a mirror her charms to disclose;
When all things were ready, they gathered before
The mouth of her cavern, with adamant door;
They played upon instruments, one danced and sung,
The others all shouted till the heavens rung.

The sun-goddess wondered on hearing their glee,
How could they rejoice and she absent. To see
The cause of their mirth, she peeped out of the door,
And saw in the mirror, which one held before,
Her own lovely face; ne'er before were such charms
Revealed by a mirror; a god with strong arms
Held open the door of the cavern, and then
They led out the goddess to daylight again.

The gods to her brother gave punishment dire;
They plucked every hair from his head in their ire;
They pulled out the nails from his fingers and toes;
And banished the wretch to the kingdom of woes.
The sun-goddess never again hid her light;
She shines save when sleeping, which causes the night.
Her sister called Tsuki instead then holds sway,
Till cocks by their crowing awaken the day.



The Pouting Sun Goddess.



AN AFTERNOON TEA FOR MEN.



How queer it seems, a tea for men!
It does seem rather strange, but then
All things were strange in old Japan,
And that's where teas like this began,
Six hundred years or so ago.

The tea was picked in early spring,
When things are fresh, and gay birds sing
Their sweetest songs; then stored away
In jars until the proper day,
Six hundred years or so ago.

They spoke of literature and art,
Made poems, each one taking part,
But never gossiped o'er their tea;
They set the pace for you and me,
Six hundred years or so ago.

All sipped the tea from one fair bowl,
A fragrant font, where soul met soul;
'Twas like communion in Japan;
And that's where teas like this began,
Six hundred years or so ago.

THE THUNDER GOD.



The thunder god rides on the cloud,
And plays upon his arch of drums,
Producing music soft or loud;
And as he strikes, there often comes
A flash of vivid, blinding light,
Which turns to day the darksome night.



MASAMUNE'S SWORDS.



Masamune hated self,
But he welded his own self
Into every shining blade
That he made.
True as steel in which he wrought,
Pure as dew in every thought,
He impressed upon his art
His own heart.



The Thunder God.

Masamune's weapons gleam
Like a flashing mountain stream,
While upon their edge a haze
Ever plays,
Making those who but behold
Shiver, for the blood runs cold,
Even in the warmest days,
When they gaze.

In the hands of sons of Mars
They will cut through iron bars,
Yet remain unnicked, unscarred,
Quite unmarred.
His of all swords are the best,
As is proved by every test,
That can possibly be made
Of a blade.

Stand a Masamune sword
In a brook, upon a ford,
Let the edge but slightly lean
'Gainst the stream;
Then a straw upon the tide
It will certainly divide,
If it strikes the weapon true,
Into two.

THE SAMURAI'S CHILDREN.



When but five, they say,
" He must learn the way
Of his fathers, the Samurai,
Whether sunshine or rain,
He must never complain,
He's the son of a Samurai."
On a large checkerboard
He is stood, and a sword
Is placed in his little hand ;
Thus his heart is steeled,
And he learns to wield
The sword for his native land.

Every Samurai knows
That with heavy blows
On the anvil his sword was made ;
That the heat and the cold
Were both needed to mold
And to temper the trusty blade ;
And the Samurai knows,
That his boy needs the blows
Dealt by fortune, to make him strong ;
Both the heat and the cold,
Are required for the bold,
Who would battle against the wrong.



Masamune's Swords.



With his little feet bare,
To the cold winter air,
 He must go to his daily tasks ;
And not many the sweets,
And still fewer the treats,
 That the Samurai's boy dares to ask ;
But the sword by his side
Is his glory and pride,
 For he thinks of it as of his soul ;
And the sword must be bright,
And employed for the right,
 And kept under most perfect control.

To the Samurai's lass
There is given a glass,
 A bright mirror which answers her true ;
And the maid must be sure
To be modest and pure,
 Never minding what others may do ;
And a keen dagger bright
Is concealed from the sight,
 In her bosom ; 'tis better to die,
Than to have any stain
On her family name ;
 'Tis the way of the Samurai.

THE WIND GOD.



The wind god carries on his back
The various winds held in a sack ;
 The ends in his great fists he grasps ;
He gives them exit, fast or slow,
And regulates the winds that blow,
 From zephyrs to the raging blasts.



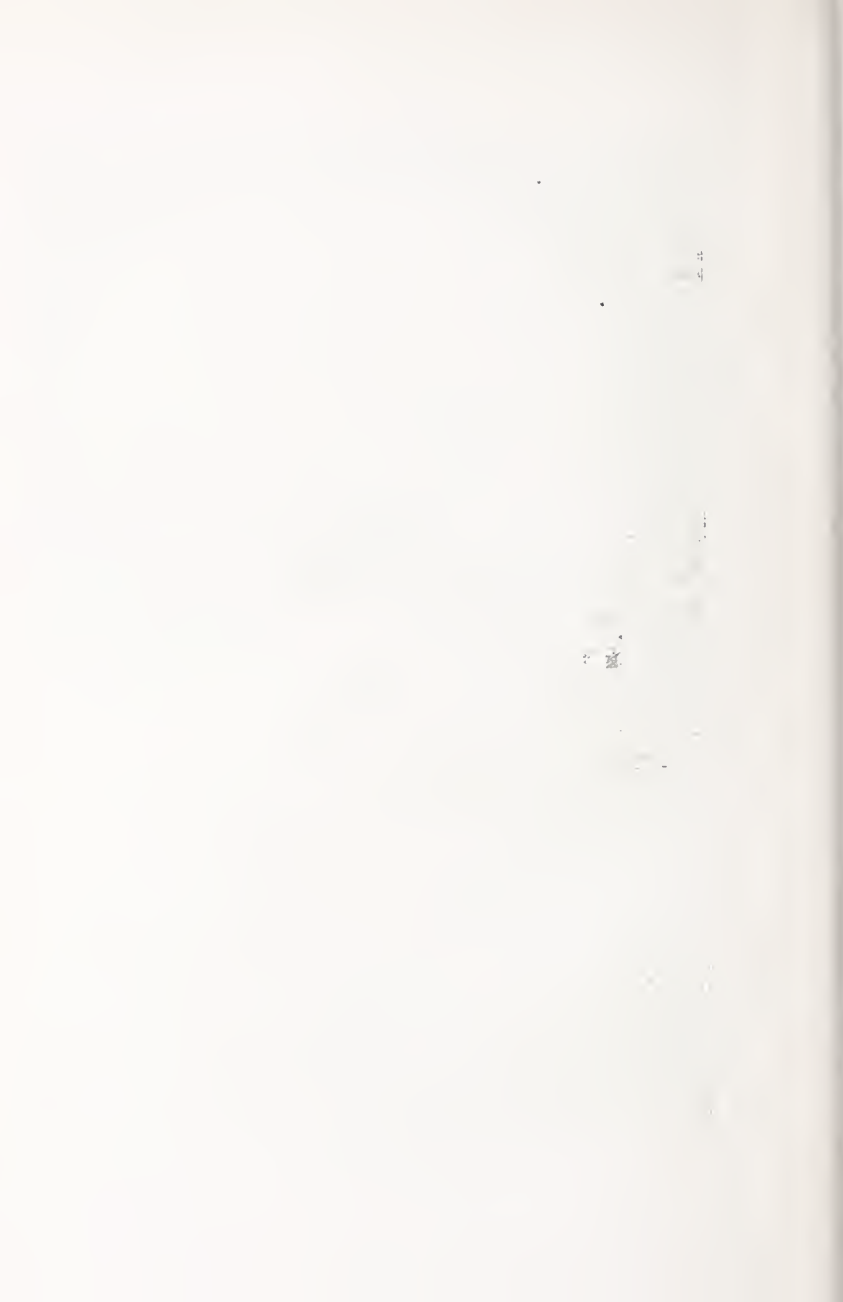
A JAPANESE NOBLEMAN'S DREAM.



In youth there came to me an awful dream,
 Which left its impress on my later years ;
To me, in that night-vision it did seem
 I wandered in the gloomy vale of tears ;
The path was wet and slimy ; on each side
 Were pitfalls, yawning like the mouths of hell ;
And pretty soon my feet began to slide
 From under me, and into one I fell ;
I landed at the bottom of the pit,
 Which seemed a den of foul and hissing snakes.
The writhing reptiles at each other bit,
 At very thought of which my spirit quakes ;



The Wind God.



There seemed to be one way of getting out,
And that was furnished by a sturdy vine,
Which from above sent down a section stout,
And seizing this, I soon began to climb;
On lifting up my eyes, I saw a rat
Engaged in gnawing at my living rope;
I knew my danger, but I argued that
I would have time, and so was full of hope;
When half way up, I saw, to my surprise,
Some luscious fruit dependent from the vine;
It seemed so sweet and tempting to my eyes,
I gathered some, and thus delayed a time.
But while I stopped, the vine was cut in twain
By that vile rodent, with his chisel teeth,
And down I tumbled in the pit again;
And gone were now all chances of relief.
I woke, the sweat was standing on my brow,
Which came from horror of that awful dream;
The dreadful vision haunts me even now;
I tried to reason out what it might mean;
I plainly saw, that if I wished to climb
To higher places in life's rugged way,
I must not stop, and waste my precious time,
Though pleasure tempt me with her fruit to stay.
So for my life I made a stringent rule,
When urged to taste her fruit, to answer, "No!"
In doing this I have not played the fool,
But reached a high position, as you know.

SUSANO KILLS THE DRAGON.



From the mountains there came,
In pursuit of fair game,
A fierce dragon of wonderful size;
Not content with one pate,
This huge monster had eight,
Bestudded with great fiery eyes.

By the dragon appalled,
They Susano recalled
To protect them from their dreaded foe;
Which devoured all the maids
In his desperate raids,
And so filled the whole country with woe.

Unlike Hercules strong,
Or St. George famed in song,
Not with arms did he conquer the foe;
But with Sake instead,
A great jar for each head,
Eight large vessels set out in a row.

Soon the beast came and drank;
In a stupor he sank,
Quite unable himself to defend;
He was easily slain,
To the nation's great gain,
'Twas through Sake he came to his end.

From the tip of his tail,
With its coating of mail,
There protruded a wonderful sword
Of most marvelous strength,
This was given at length
To the sun-goddess, whom all adored.



Susano Kills the Dragon.

JAPANESE DREAMS OF THE HOMELAND.



The beauty of the Inland Sea,
Bestudded with its lovely isles,
Is ever in our memory,
Though distant, now, five thousand miles ;
Brave Fuji San, that guards the coast,
And blessed our eyes far out at sea ;
'Tis hard to tell what charmed us most,
Where all so lovely seemed to be.

When cherry blossoms in the spring
Their witchery of beauty spread,
And happy feathered songsters sing
Their sweetest carols overhead,
In summer when azaleas blow,
And beautify the mountain-side,
We think of thee where'er we go ;
Thy memories with us abide.

When frost comes stealing in the night
To kiss the graceful maple leaves,
Which blush to scarlet, then how bright
The glens appear ; Oh, how it grieves
Us to be absent from our home,
The land we love across the sea ;
No matter where our feet may roam,
Our hearts are constantly with thee.

THE EMPEROR'S THREE TREASURES.



The soil of Nippon, by the gods
Was trodden for a time;
And so made sacred by the feet
Of those who were divine;
At length from Kirishima's ridge,
They step upon the swinging bridge,
And so to heaven climb.

The bridge was lifted very soon,
And carried far away;
Direct communication ceased
With heaven from that day.
Then one was from their number sent,
Who, in their stead, should represent
The gods of early sway.

Three treasures had the sun-goddess,—
A mirror, sword and seal.
The first was made by hands divine,
From heaven's burnished steel;
The seal, which curious art displayed,
Was from a stony substance made,
But very smooth to feel.

The sword was from the dragon's tail,
The monster as you know,
With eight huge heads, and which was slain
By valiant Susano.
The sun-goddess these treasures three
Gave to her grandson Ninigi,
Who then came down below.



The Emperor's Three Treasures.

And so to earth these treasures came
 With Ninigi divine,
 To be the heritage of each
 In the Imperial line,
 Unbroken from that early day,
 When o'er Japan the gods held sway,
 Until the present time.



JAPANESE ART.



'Tis said that Yoshitsune had a very ugly face;
 'Twas pitted from the small-pox, but his heart was full
 of grace;
 A lover of sweet music, and a patron of fine art;
 And every little duty he performed with all his heart.

But Benkei, his retainer, who was handsome as could be
 In features, but his spirit, as any one can see
 Who reads his story, was untamed and rash and heedless,
 too;
 He always was impatient in the work he had to do.

So artists in Mikado's land paint Yoshitsune fair
 And handsome, while poor Benkei is always made to bear
 The marks of ugliness. The spirit hidden in the breast
 Is painted, not externals, and perhaps this way is best.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTH-DAY.

(Observed in San Francisco.)



Hail, the Emperor's natal day!
Let the happy bells all ring!
While his loyal subjects say,
In their joy: "Long live the King!
Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"

Fling the banners to the breeze!
Throw aside all vexing care!
Sweetest flowers adorn the trees,
Mingle incense with our prayer!
"Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"

On this distant western shore
We would not forget the birth
Of the one whom we adore,
But exclaim with heart-felt mirth,
"Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"

Happy is Mikado's Realm,
Safely sails the ship of state
While our Tenno holds the helm.
Echo from the Golden Gate,
"Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!"



The Emperor's Birthday.

EARTHQUAKES.



The lovely land of Yamato
Is charming, but concealed below
Are awful caverns dark and deep,
In which the mighty dragons sleep;
Their slumbers often troubled seem
By restlessness or frightful dream,
And waking with a thunderous snore,
They shake the land from shore to shore.



NATURE WORSHIP.



The Shinto gods are deities
Of nature; this is why
The Japanese who worship these
Have reverence for the sky
And hills and valleys, woods and sea,
Which thrills their souls with poetry.

All nature to the Japanese
In sacred language speaks,
Through lakes and flowers, birds and trees,
And lofty mountain peaks;
So those who gaze on Fuji's crest
Have thoughts that cannot be expressed.

JAPANESE WALL DECORATIONS.



Their pictures are the language of their minds ;
In winter, when oppressed by leaden skies,
And from the snowy peaks blow chilly winds,
They place a bit of spring before their eyes,
Such as a flowering plum with nightingale,
Which means that brighter days are coming soon,
When Philomela will repeat his tale
Of unrequited love unto the moon.

When spring has come, they think of summer days ;
Before their eyes they hang a summer scene ;
In summer, golden autumn meets their gaze ;
Some scarlet maples standing by a stream ;
In autumn, Fujiyama, crowned with snow,
Adorns the wall : the year will soon be done,
And soon will come again the time to sow.

Their minds are ever running on before
The season, dreaming of a coming day,
And living in the future more than now ;
And this to them appears the proper way ;
Just as in western lands, the merchants show
The goods of spring, while winter still is here ;
And summer things in spring, for well they know,
The mind is running on before the year.



Earthquakes.

THE SEVENTH NIGHT.



The gentle maidens of Japan,
Upon the seventh night
Of what was called the seventh month,
Indulged in fancies bright;
On either side the heavenly tide
We call the milky way,
Two stars that glow, together flow,
Upon the seventh, they say.

The morning-glory one is called,
And one the weaver star,
To honor these, small bamboo trees
Were set up, near and far;
And lovely maidens tried to tell,
On colored papers bright,
The longings of their gentle hearts,
Upon the seventh night.

In olden times, instead of rhymes,
They hung up colored thread,
As offering to the weaver star;
While fruits were given instead
To morning-glory. So the maids
Indulged in fancies bright,
And wrote their lines in simple rhymes,
Upon the seventh night.

JAPANESE FAVORITES—Flowers, Trees and Birds.

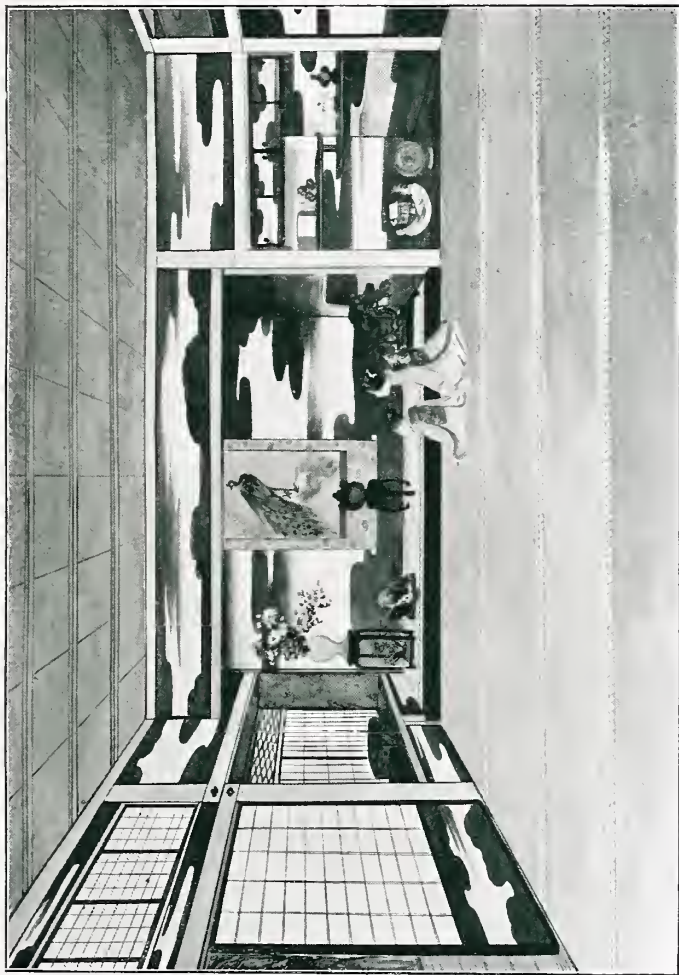
THE PLUM.



The hardy plum is first to come
Of all the flowers of spring ;
It seems so bold to brave the cold,
That poets love to sing
Of these brave trees ; to Japanese
The path they seem to show
To victory. They love the tree
That blooms amid the snow.



The Plum.



Japanese Wall Decoration.

THE LOTUS.



Just notice where the lotus
In its chastened beauty grows ;
Yet opens in the sunlight,
Pure as Fugi's driven snows ;
In spite of its surroundings,
Growing in the stagnant pond,
It is so wonderfully pure
That Japanese are fond
Of lotus flowers, because they say
In words of sweet content :
" You, too, may be as pure as we,
In your environment."



The Lotus.

MORNING-GLORIES.



'Tis said that morning-glories make
A little noise when they awake,
And open first their lovely eyes,
To greet the sun in eastern skies.

The children of the Japanese,
Who love all kinds of flowers and trees,
Arise before the morning sun,
To hear them open one by one.

A little note from flowery horn
Announces that the day is born:
The Sunrise Kingdom's sunrise flower
Is cherished both in heart and bower.



Morning-Glories.



The Seventh Night.



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.



Chrysanthemums, of all the flowers,
Are in Japan most dear,
Because they, like a rear-ward guard,
Come latest in the year.
When other flowers have fled away,
They cover the retreat ;
And help to make the autumn gay,
Though not so very sweet.



The Chrysanthemum.

THE CHERRY.



The cherry is grown for beauty alone;
The fruit that is left behind
Is bitter and small, and not eaten at all;
The petals that whirl in the wind
Like beautiful snow, seem to say as they go,
When called by each summoning blast:
"A lesson we give to people who live,
That beauty like ours will not last."

Long ages ago, in old Yamato,
These blossoms that quickly fall,
Taught brave Samurai to be ready to die
At once, at their master's call;
To die by the sword for their feudal lord;
So cherries, wherever they blow,
With fragrance they fill the air, while they thrill
The spirit of Yamato.



The Cherry.

THE BAMBOO.



The bamboo is a favorite,
Because it grows so high
And straight, with joints so regular
Into the azure sky.
The Japanese learn from these trees
The way they ought to grow,—
Upright and systematic, spite
Of all the winds that blow.

In winter-time, a load of snow
It gracefully upbears ;
It bends, but soon springs back to show
Men how to bear their cares ;
Though light and airy, yet it plays
A most important part ;
And sets a good example, both
In usefulness and art.



The Bamboo.

THE PINE.



Notice how the pine trees grow,
Even 'mid the mountain snow,
Growing straight up to the sky;
This explains the reason why
Sentimental Japanese
So admire these noble trees.

Heeding not the winter's cold,
Ever green and never old,
Springing from uneven ground,
Growing straight wherever found;
Sentimental Japanese
Wish to imitate these trees.



The Pine.

THE NIGHTINGALE.



You should hear in the spring
The nightingales sing,
At the time when the plum trees bloom;
On a sweet blossom spray
One will perch, while its lay
Is addressed to the silvery moon.

It is easy, we say,
To be cheerful by day,
Then the heart is naturally light;
But how few, like this bird,
When in darkness, are heard,
To sing in the midst of the night.



The Nightingale.

THE LARK.



The lark flies up to meet the day,
He mounts to talk with heaven, to pray ;
At least that's what the people say.
On seeing him ascend the skies :
Our human aspirations rise
To what lies hidden from our eyes.



The Lark.

THE SWALLOW.



If one should kill a swallow
Some harm would surely follow ;
 The people call them messengers divine.
They build against the walls
Of chambers and of halls
 Their nests of clay, where'er they may incline.

The gods would, in their ire,
Consume one's house with fire,
 If one should harm these servants of the skies ;
These birds have naught to fear,
For people hold them dear ;
 Their visits seem like angels' in disguise.

These birds that swiftly fly
Are welcomed. Farmers vie
 In building little shelters for their nests ;
For country people know
How many things that grow
 Are saved by swallows from the insect pests.



The Swallow.

THE HOTOTOGISU.



From the spirit land, in the month of May,
Comes the hototogisu, which seems to say,
In his peculiar birdlike way,

Which the farmers understand:

“It is time, good people, to plant your grain.”

To others he seems to be telling his name,
Which is Hototogisu, the same as the strain
That he learned in the spirit land.



The Hototogisu.

THE CRANE.



We read about a time,
When it was thought a crime
 To kill a crane, and any one who did,
Paid forfeit with his life,
Unless he left his wife
 And home, and quickly fled away and hid.

The crane is pure in life,
And faithful to one wife,
 Not choosing for himself another mate;
He lives a thousand years;
A Japanese reveres
 This bird and keeps him in a kind state.



The Crane.

THE POMEGRANATE.



“ When the pomegranate gapes,
It reveals its heart ;
So every jackanapes,
When his lips do part,
Reveals his secret thought,
Which to hide were art.”
So say the Samurai.



The Pomegranate.

THE WILLOW.



The willow is a tree that yields ;
It bends but does not break ;
The Japanese admire these trees
For this ; they try to make
Their women see, and long to be
Like willows by the lake.



OUR ATTITUDE.



Let us, too, learn of nature,
Like æsthetic Japanese,
And find more moral lessons
In our cherished flowers and trees,
More bravery in sturdy oaks
And ever-verdant pines ;
More modesty in violets,
More love in clinging vines.

REVERENCE FOR AGE.



The crane, the tortoise and pine tree
Are all extolled in song ;
The reason seems to chiefly be
Because they live so long.
Old age is revered everywhere
Beyond the western seas ;
A fitting honor for gray hair
Is shown by Japanese.



Reverence for Age.





PART THIRD



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Urashima.



PART THIRD

SONGS of the SUNRISE KINGDOM



URASHIMA.



Long ago, in Hinomoto,
In the empire of Mikado,
Long before the reign of Shoguns,
Lived a lad called Urashima ;
Urashima, meaning island,
Little islands off the main shore.

Urashima loved the ocean,
Loved to hear it singing mildly,
Loved to see it dashing wildly,
Called it Haha, meaning mother,
Said he was the ocean's offspring,
Happy on its heaving bosom.

Strong of limb grew Urashima,
Trained in every manly calling ;
Skillfully he learned to manage
His frail craft in stormy weather ;
Skillfully he learned to gather
Harvests from the rolling waters.

One fair morning, Urashima
Rowed his little boat, his fune,
Out upon the shining waters,
While the breeze, umi-no-kaze,
Fanned his cheeks and kissed his forehead,
And the ocean rocked him gently.

Far from shore his oars he rested,
Then he dropped his hook all baited
Down into the clear blue water,
Deeper, deeper, till he felt it
Catch on something that resisted
All his efforts to release it.

Off he threw his outer garment,
In his language called Kimono,
Then into the ocean diving
Like a fish, he swam to loosen
From the rocks his fishing tackle,
Down and down his line he followed.

When at last he reached the bottom,
Great his wonder on beholding
There a palace built of coral,
Roofed with pearly shells that glistened;
In the garden bloomed strange flowers,
Such as seen on earth are never.

'Twas the palace Ryu-gu-jo,
In the kingdom of Ryu-gu.
All the fishes are his subjects,
All the finny tribes obey him,
Do his errands, pay him tribute,
Gathered from the spoils of ocean.

At the gate of this strange castle
Stood the fair ones, noble ladies,
Beckoning to Urashima,
Welcoming him to the palace,
Welcoming the son of ocean,
To the world beneath the waters.

Into the great hall they led him,
Where they spread for him a banquet,
Making merry at his coming ;
And the king, the great Ryu-o
Gave to him his only daughter,
Made him heir to all his kingdom.

Swiftly, like a weaver's shuttle,
Sped the happy days uncounted,
In that under world enchanted,
In the palace of the sea king,
Where 'mid every kind of pleasure,
Lived our hero free from trouble.

But at last he felt a longing
Once again to see his village ;
See again the well-known faces
Of the people on the seashore ;
Breathe the air above the waters,
Hear again the land birds singing.

Vainly did his wife, the princess,
Importune him not to leave her ;
But when she could not persuade him,
She a little casket gave him,
Bidding him to keep it safely,
But to never look within it.

To the shore went Urashima,
Riding on a great sea turtle;
Safe he reached his native village.
He was young and strong of body
As he was the morn he left it
On his very strange adventure.

Much he wondered at not seeing
Any face that he remembered;
Much he wondered upon hearing
All of those who once had loved him,
With the dead had long been numbered,
In the graveyard all now slumbered.

Then he asked of Urashima,
Whether any one remembered
Him. Some answered, their ancestors
Told them of one, Urashima,
How he rowed out on the ocean,
And they never more had seen him.

In his grief, poor Urashima,
Heeding not, unclasped the casket.
Out there flew a purple spirit;
Lines of beauty changed to wrinkles;
Limbs of strength grew old and trembling;
And his hair turned white as hoar-frost.

To this day the fishing people,
In the kingdom of Mikado,
Say there is another kingdom
At the bottom of the ocean;
And when waves are beating wildly,
Say the king below is angry.

THE PRIZE POEM.



A certain bonze, who had beneath his care
Three students for the priesthood, at one time,
To stimulate them, offered a large pear
To that one who should write the finest rhyme.

“The subject,” said the bonze “may puzzle you,
Yet if you wish to win this luscious pear,
Please tell me what you wish to cut in two,
And yet, for some good reason, always spare?”

The first youth, being sentimental, said,
“The plum branch, decked with blossoms wondrous
fair,
That hides the moon, by swaying o'er my head;
I long to cut it, yet I always spare.”

The second wrote, “This brush, a gift from you,
Composed of bamboo and of camel's hair,
Is much too long, and should be cut in two,
But when I think of him who gave, I spare.”

The third lad was a rogue, and so he wrote:
“The one that grudges to me one poor pear,
The thing that I would cut is not his coat,
But head from off his shoulders, yet I spare.”

The angry bonze the pear hurled at his head;
The youth was quick, and raised his hand in time
To catch it, when he most politely said,
“Thank you, good father, so the prize is mine’.

THE FARMER AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.



In old Yedo, now Tokyo,
A farmer chanced to pass
A shop and see what seemed to be
His father in a glass.

Within a frame, and just the same
As twenty years before,
With visage mild, the father smiled
To see his son once more.

The farmer then exchanged some yen
For this strange foreign thing,
Which had the power, at any hour,
His father back to bring.

With heart content, he homeward went,
And hid his shining prize
From the young wife who shared his life;
This was not very wise.

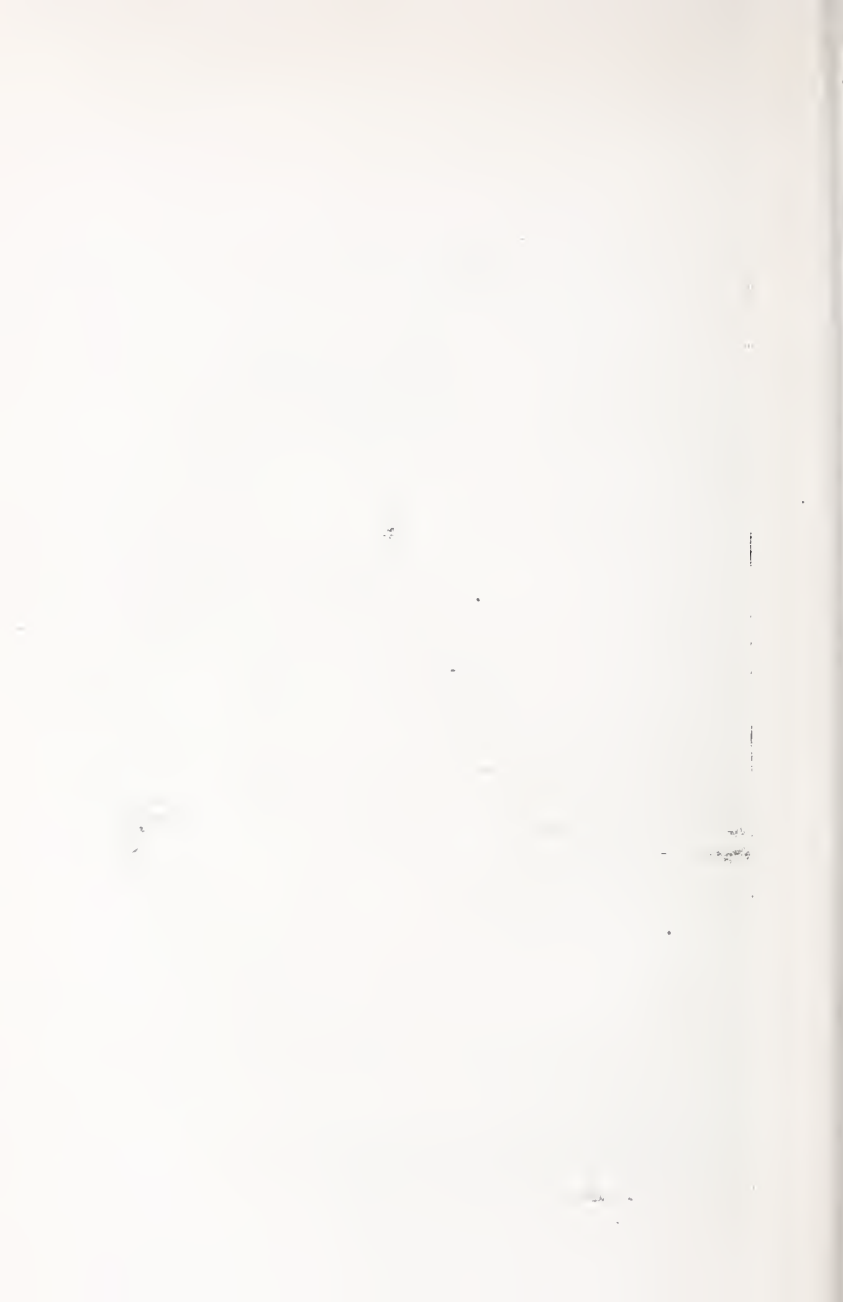
But secretly he went to see
His father morn and eve;
This was no sin, but right of him,
And yet he did deceive.

She found him out, and full of doubt,
She looked within the drawer;
And seeing there a woman fair,
Her peace of mind was o'er.



管三齋

Daruma.



When he returned, with words that burned,
She charged him with the crime
Of double life, keeping a wife
In secret, all the time.

A Buddhist nun, who chanced to come
That way, was passing by;
She overheard the angry word,
And tried to pacify.

“He tries to hide another bride!”
The outraged woman cries;
“But I’ve found out, what he’s about;
I’ve seen her with my eyes.”

“It is my sire!” he cried with ire,
“I keep him in that place,
And every day I go to pray,
And gaze upon his face.”

The nun leaned o’er the open drawer,
And saw what none had seen.
She saw instead, with shaven head,
A nun with solemn mien.

“You must forgive, for as I live,
The woman is a nun;
She in this way attempts to pay
For wrong that she has done.”

At last the three looked in to see,
And found each other there.
The looking-glass, alas! alas!
Had proved a wicked snare.

DARUMA.



'Tis said that Daruma, the Buddhist sage,
Some fourteen hundred years or so ago,
From India came to China, to engage
In teaching Chinese what they ought to know,
To reach Nirvana, land of dreamless sleep.

The sage sat cross-legged, motionless, until
Some birds lit on his head, and built a nest
Within his hair; he sat so very still,
The grass grew on his shoulders and his breast;
His eyes were closed in meditation deep.

For nine long years he never stirred a limb,
And all the earthly passion in him died;
His soul, by contemplation freed from sin,
Arose to higher regions, purified.
Some say the sage's body turned to stone.

Thus, even now, some people in Japan
In meditation spend some time each day,
Like Daruma, and follow out his plan
To purify the soul, and take away
The love of earth, and for their sins atone.



Araki, the Fencer.

QUID PRO QUO.



There is a story in Japan
About a certain stingy man,
Who loved with all his heart
To feast upon a dish of eels,
And yet he would not for such meals
Consent with cash to part.

So every day he brought his dish
Of rice to where the frying fish
Sent forth a savory smell;
He closed his eyes, and in his mind
Was eating eels. Some people find
Such methods work quite well.

The restaurator made a bill,
And charged for odors rare that fill
The air for rods around.
The stingy man took out his cash
And threw them down, and by the crash
He paid for smell with sound.

ARAKI, THE FENCER.



There was a man named Araki,
Two hundred years ago,
Who very skillful proved to be
In use of sword and bow ;
And through the country, far and wide,
His name was known on every side,
And dreaded by the foe.

Araki was a man possessed
Of heart both kind and true.
One time unconsciously he pressed
A frog beneath his shoe.
“Forgive me, little frog,” said he,
“You were so small I could not see,
And so have injured you.”

And yet this Samurai had slain,
One time in open fight,
Full forty men, who 'gainst him came.
He vanquished every knight
Who fought with him. He only tried
To put down wrong on every side,
And battle for the right.

One evening Araki drew near
A hamlet in the wood ;
The people were in deadly fear,
For well they understood
Their mountain god would take that day
A human victim for his prey ;
He could not be withstood.

For many years, by lot, they told
The one who's time had come.
This year, the spirit growing bold,
Picked out the fairest one,
A lovely maiden, just eighteen,
The only daughter, it would seem,
Of one who had no son.

In spotless white the girl was dressed,
And well she played her part;
A Buddhist book was closely pressed
Against her throbbing heart;
A tear was standing in her eye;
Too young was she to wish to die;
She dreaded Death's cold dart.

The people said, "Your life you give,
Because the will of Fate
So orders. By the gods we live;
We must propitiate
The spirits, or no rain will fall.
'Tis better one should die for all,
Than perish small and great."

An ark was from the temple brought
To bear her to the shrine;
Her relatives, in saddest thought,
All followed in a line.
Araki this procession spied,
And quickly to the place he hied,
Arriving just in time.

He said, if they would hear his plea,
And let the maiden go,
He gladly would her ransom be.
He would himself bestow
Within the ark and take her place,
And either gods or devils face,
If they would have it so.

Araki, then, within the ark
Was placed before the shrine.
The people left him in the dark,
And slowly passed the time.
At last a monster did appear,
But brave Araki knew no fear,
For fighting was his line.

The monster wounded, fled away,
And he returned no more.
Araki waited for the day,
Then saw on ground and floor
A trace of blood, a scarlet line,
Which to the loft above the shrine,
Led through the sacred door.

Araki quickly climbed, and then
In wonder saw the lair,
Where some wild beast had made its den
Above the house of prayer.
He soon dispatched it with his blade,
And to the country folk displayed
Its carcass, then and there.

The father, full of gratitude,
 Because he saved the life
 Of his one daughter, thought it good
 To make the girl his wife;
 But Araki would not be tied
 To any wife; more than a bride
 He loved a wandering life.



THE THREE TRAVELERS.



Long, long ago,
 Near Kiyoto,
 Three strangers chanced to meet
 At a small inn;
 They hoped within
 To get a bit to eat,
 And place to stay
 Till the next day,
 And rest their tired feet.

The landlord said,
 " I have a bed
 For each, and viands rare,
 If you agree
 To stay with me,
 And with each other share
 One chamber small;
 For that is all
 The room I have to spare.

The strangers three,
 In company,
Took lodging for the night.
 Soon served with rice,
 And all things nice,
On tables small and light;
 Each, o'er his tea,
 Gave pedigree,
To prove himself all right.

When they had done,
 The oldest one
Produced a good-sized can
 Of something sweet;
 " This is a treat,"
Said he, " for any man.
 In making sweets
 My village beats
All cities in Japan."

He passed it round.
 The others found
It just as he had said.
 But he who gave,
 Inclined to save,
Proposed they go to bed.
 Once more the tin
 Was placed within
The basket, near his head.

The three then lay—
 It was their way—
On mats upon the floor ;
 But soon the clown
 From candy town
Set up an awful snore,
 Like waves that dash
 And roar and crash
Upon the ocean shore.

Deprived of sleep,
 And forced to keep
Their vigils in such din,
 To make amends,
 These quasi friends
Thought of the hidden tin
 Of candy rare,
 And planned to share
A little more with him.

With feet stretched out,
 One felt about,
And drew the basket nigh ;
 Then soon within
 He found a tin ;
A second time they try
 The sweets, which now—
 They know not how—
Seemed changed to ashes dry.

They coughed and sighed,
And tried to hide
Their plunder out of sight.
In great surprise
Their comrade's eyes
Were opened with affright;
When he could feel
His flint and steel,
He soon produced a light.

“Alas!” he cried,
When he had spied
What these two friends had done;
“Upon my life,
You ate my wife,
Whose bones to ashes one
Short week ago
Were turned; and so
I am, indeed, undone!”



Ikkyu, the Buddhist Sage.

IKKYU, THE BUDDHIST SAGE.



Long, long ago, in Yamato,
 There lived a Buddhist sage,
A royal monk, who had the spunk
 To brave a nation's rage;
And many proverbs to Japan
He gave. He was a brainy man,
 And wise for any age.

Most Buddhists eat not any meat.
 " But it cannot be wrong
To eat of fish, or what you wish,
 And meat will make you strong
To fight the foes outside and in,
And conquer devils, flesh and sin."
 'Twas thus he taught the throng.

His words were wise, and people prize
 His sayings more and more;
For every page proves that this sage
 Was full of wisdom's lore.
Some say he was the wisest man
That ever lived since time began,
 Or ever mother bore.

A JAPANESE BELLE.



I wish that I possessed the power
To fittingly describe a flower
Called Hana San, but then an hour
 Would be required to do it right.
Her cheeks were plump and tinged with rose;
Her lips a cherry when it glows
 In June. Her unobtrusive nose
 Was dainty, shapely, very slight.

Her little head had such a pose
It turned the heads of scores of beaux;
Her even teeth were white as snows
 That glisten on some mountain height.
Through raven locks her forehead shone
In shape like Fuji's perfect cone,
Which stands in beauty quite alone.
 Her eyes were like the darkest night.

Her obi, tied in a great bow,
Gave beauty to her kimono,
Which made her look like a rainbow,
 Or butterfly so bright and gay.
Her mind—ah, never mind her mind—
For that was difficult to find.
She was the fairest of her kind,
 A sweet and lovely musume.



A Japanese Belle.

Her hands were like a doll's, and when
 She played upon the samisen,
 And sang, she seemed to hold the men
 With magic power beneath her sway.
 Her voice was clear and soft and sweet;
 It brought the lovers to her feet,
 For all considered it a treat
 To listen to her plaintive lay.

But when she poured a cup of tea,
 Her grace was wonderful to see,
 This girl beyond the western sea,—
 Ohana San, the lovely one,
 For, like the blossom in her hair,
 She seemed so sweet as well as fair,
 With charms unequalled anywhere
 In any land beneath the sun.



ADVENTURES OF HAYAKAWA.



One of Nippon's ancient heroes
 Was a man named Hayakawa,
 Signifying rapid river.
 He resided by a torrent
 That came rushing from the mountains,
 Hurrying to reach the ocean.

Here one Yamanaka found him
 Damming back the mountain current,
 To assist himself in fishing.
 So he called him to his service
 As a knight, and long he served him,
 Doing mighty deeds of valor.

Once our hero and his comrades,
Ten in number, were enchanted
By the singing of a blind man
Whom they thought a simple minstrel
Wandering about the country,
Singing for his food and lodging.

As they sat and drank their sake,
They were seized with awful torture,
And they knew they had been poisoned.
Hayakawa grasped the blind man
By the throat, and bade him answer
If he were the guilty party.

“ Yes, I come from Morri’s Castle,”
Said the blind man, “ I confess it;”
Thinking death would be his portion.
“ You may go!” said Hayakawa,
“ When a blind man kills ten heroes,
He deserves both life and fortune.”

All the band save Hayakawa,
In their pain drew out their weapons,
And committed harakiri;
But our hero, in his madness,
Sprang into the ocean billows,
From the castle by the seaside.



Kano, the Lightning Artist.



Here the king of ocean met him,
Called in Japanese Ryu-o;
And he said, " You are a hero;
Come with me unto my palace
At the bottom of the ocean;
You will make a worthy subject."

Three years after, near to Kobe,
When some fishermen were dragging
A huge net, you may imagine
Their surprise upon beholding
In its folds a human being,
In which life was not extinguished.

Slowly waking, as from slumber,
Yawning, stretching out his muscles,
Opening his eyes, the stranger
Said that he was Hayakawa;
And he asked about his master
Yamanaka, and his fortune.

Some assert that Hayakawa
Lived among the fishing people
For three years, and then invented
This strange story of his absence.
One thing certain, he assisted
Once again chief Yamanaka.

KANO, THE LIGHTNING ARTIST.



There was a famous artist
Named Kano ; and his school
Was founded in Mikado's land ;
He painted not by rule.

His great, great, great grandfather
Once painted in a night
A forest full of cedars.
It was a wondrous sight.

When Kano was a baby,
And cried, as babies will,
They gave him ink and paper,
And Kano soon was still.

The powerful Masamune,
Who had abundant means,
Engaged this noted artist
To paint for him three screens.

The artist took a horseshoe,
And on one screen made dabs,
Then added legs, et cetera,
And lo! the daubs were crabs.

He took a little poodle,
And dipped its paws in pink,
And on the next made footprints,
Ere one had time to think ;

Then, adding stem and branches,
 A tree, the hardy plum,
 Forth from the polished surface,
 Like magic seemed to come.

A pullet came in handy
 For work upon a third;
 Its red feet, made still redder,
 Made marks not like a bird;

But leaves of scarlet maple
 Were falling in a stream;
 He finished in a jiffy
 A lovely autumn scene.

So now you know of Kano,
 And of the Kano school;
 He had his way of painting;
 But Kano was no fool.



THE MAGIC FANS.



There was a man in old Japan,
 Who, once upon a time,
 A god of wood adored, which stood
 Within a wayside shrine.

The image spurned the incense burned,
 And poorer grew each day
 The man. Some jeered, but still he feared
 To throw his god away.

He went one day, in his dismay,
To ask the reason why
The more he prayed, his god delayed
To listen to his cry.

He asked for gold, and wealth untold;
He prayed his god to bless,
And give him health, as well as wealth,
That he might eat and dress.

From out the door, there stepped before
The worshiper a man
With beard like snow, and eyes that glow,
In either hand a fan.

“I’ve heard your cry,” he said, “and I
Am come to answer you.”
He placed the fans in the man’s hands,
And told him what to do.

“This fan of red,” the vision said,
“Will make men’s noses grow;
While this of white, if used aright,
Will bring their noses low.”

“When fanned with white, they will grow
slight,
And even disappear;
But fanned with red, they’ll grow instead
To be a sight to fear.”

Our hero said his thanks, and sped
To seek the busy street ;
And then he fanned, on every hand,
The rich he chanced to meet.

Some in the throng that passed along,
Grew noses like a beam ;
Some grew so small, that none at all
Were able to be seen.

The wealthy vexed, and sore perplexed
At what had come to pass,
Abhorred the sight, yet day and night
They sought the looking-glass.

The man with fans matured his plans,
And rented him a place,
Where for a hoard could be restored
The beauty of the face.

The patients soon, in darkened room,
By magic words he spoke,
And use of fans, in his skilled hands,
Found that the spell was broke.

Our hero rolled in wealth untold,
And dressed in raiment fine,
And feasted till he had his fill
Of viands rare, and wine.

" SAYONARA."



" Sayonara," since it must be,
But the word is hard to say;
" Sayonara," since it must be,
We will hope to meet some day
Where the people never say,
" Sayonara."



Sayonara.



PART FOURTH



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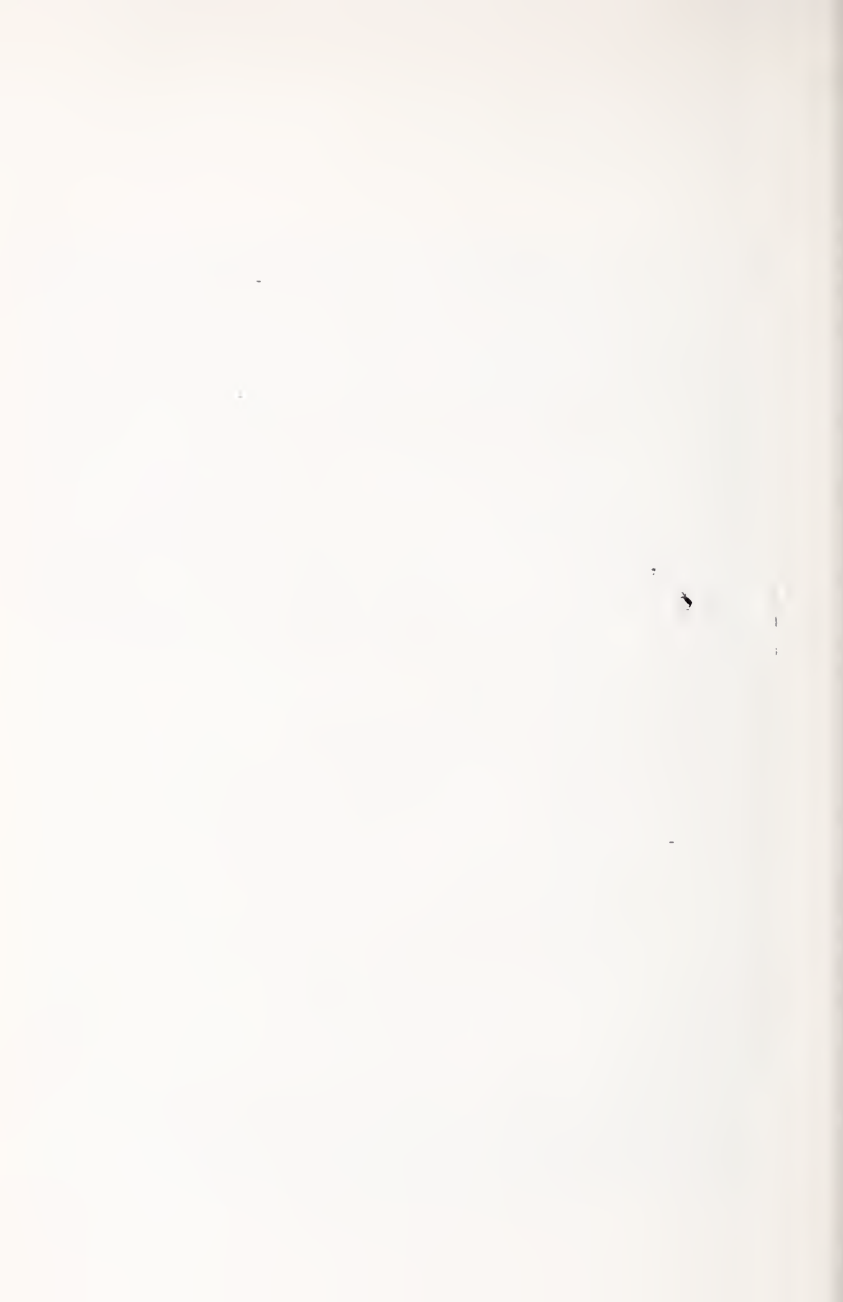


1—*Dr. E. A. Sturge.
 2—Mrs. E. A. Sturge.
 3—*Dr. K. Ikenchi.
 4—G. Negoro, B. L.
 5—Rev. J. K. Inazawa.
 6—Rev. T. Sakabe.
 * Dr. M. D.

7—Rev. I. Watanabe.
 8—H. Senoue.
 9—Kohashi.
 10—T. Murakami, B. A.
 11—M. Sato.
 12—H. Ohori.

13—T. Magario, B. A.
 14—Miss Y. Yanagisawa,
 B. A., M. D.*
 15—S. Sakai.
 16—J. Harada.
 17—M. Kawasaki.

18—*Dr. Y. Shimizu.
 19—*Dr. J. Mano.
 20—*Dr. Sankel Kobayashi.
 21—*Dr. Uchida.
 22—*Dr. Masayasu Kawakami.



PART FOURTH

SPECIMEN ADDRESS

By E. A. STURGE.



NATURE'S TEACHINGS ABOUT GOD,
OR
THOUGHTS FROM THE GRAND CANYON OF
THE YELLOWSTONE.



The Yellowstone National Park is a region where beauty, grandeur, awfulness and ugliness have strangely congregated. The marvelous coloring of the Grand Canyon is matchless, and is suggestive of some gigantic paint shop where the various shades have been tested.

Just where the river seeks to hide
Itself by plunging o'er the falls,
Is where the great Creator tried
His colors on the canyon walls.

The colors of the sunset skies,
The tints that form the arching bow,
Are there in all their choicest dyes,
Such as no artist's work can show.

Like strip of jade with streaks of foam,
 The river winds far, far below
 'Mid cliffs of buff called Yellowstone.
 The water comes from melting snow

That decks the peaks. Some spires arise
 From out the canyon, red and tall,
 Like fingers, pointing to the skies,
 To God, the Maker of it all.

By the side of the writer stood a Buddhist, who, gazing upon this enrapturing scene, exclaimed, "God made no mistake when He made this!" The writer then referred to the two revelations which have been given us in nature and the Bible. The gentleman was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied: "I guess they both lead the same way." As both are from the same source, they must, if rightly understood, lead in the same direction, and to a truer knowledge of God. Next to the Bible, Nature must be our greatest teacher of theology. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." The voice of nature everywhere is loud in the praises of the Creator.

God sweetly speaks to those who pore
 O'er nature's open book;
 His voice is heard in waves that roar,
 And in the laughing brook.

In song of birds, and song of spheres,
His accents may be heard ;
He speaks to those possessing ears,
Both through His works and word.

From nature we may learn much of Him who is the author of it all ; but this study should assist us in our knowledge of God rather than usurp the place of the fuller revelation given in the written Word. One may stand before a great picture, and be impressed with the boldness of the outline, the delicacy of the coloring, the naturalness of the production, and from it may learn something of the character of the artist, of his patience, his skill, his historical knowledge. One may even enter into the very thoughts of the Master, who put something of Himself into His production. Though much light may thus be thrown upon his character, no one can ever fully know the nature of the man from the contemplation of his works.

We may stand in wonder before the handiwork of the Great Artist, who piled up the mountain ranges, and scooped out the valleys, and clothed the hills with beauty ; and in such contemplation can hardly fail to learn something of the Creator ; and yet without the Bible to throw light upon what we see, we would probably arrive at false conclusions. The Japanese may be called nature worshipers. This has made them the most artistic people in the world ; but at the same time, it has led them (as it did the Greeks) to give to every mountain, valley and waterfall its guardian deity. Fujiyama is more than a

mountain to the people in the Mikado's realm. As they gaze upon its snowy crest, they have thoughts too deep for utterance.

One would naturally think that the regular movements of the heavenly bodies, the perfect harmony in the working of all natural laws, would lead to the belief in an overruling Providence; and such would probably be the result, were it not that men, possessing no written revelation, are usually led to worship the creature rather than the Creator. It seems quite natural that primitive peoples, unacquainted with science, should think of the earth as flat, and the various forces at war with one another.

The sun and moon would seem at times to work in harmony in causing the highest tides; on other occasions they would appear to be working at cross purposes, and pulling in opposite directions. There would appear to be a conflict between light and darkness, winter and spring, calm and storm, health and disease. They would see in these things discord, rather than harmony; and would be led to regard each force as a god; some helpful to them, and others injurious; some to be worshiped, and others to be propitiated. The simple children of nature, who once inhabited every portion of North America, saw God in everything; in the sun and the stars, in the ocean and in the storm, but in some unaccountable way they were led through nature to worship the deity as the one Great Spirit. The aborigines of California, though among the lowest of their race, had some beautiful thoughts of God as they gazed upon His handiwork.

The Indians thought—it seems not strange—
Mount Shasta the Great Spirit's throne ;
The giant of Sierra's range,
Which stands in grandeur quite alone.

In purple and in ermine dressed,
And ruby tinted in the glow
Of sunsets, does the Spirit rest
Upon its pure eternal snow ?

Yes, on the everlasting hills,
And in the valleys, everywhere,
His presence all creation fills,
And wraps us like the limpid air.

If the heavens declared the glory of God to the psalmist, how much more loudly should they speak to us (with our fuller knowledge of the extent of the universe) of the power and glory of the Creator. The moon circling around the earth; the earth traveling around the sun; the sun in company with countless others, swinging around some unknown center, which must be far vaster in magnitude than anything of which we have knowledge, perhaps the very throne of the Infinite. Who can contemplate such things without experiencing an overwhelming sense of the omnipotence and omnipresence of Jehovah ?

When we look upward through our telescopes, to the most distant suns, we find them obeying the Creator's laws; and when we glance downward through our microscopes into a drop of water, rounded in obedience to the

same laws that rounded the planets, we find this tiny globe teeming with infinitesimal life, for which the Almighty has provided a habitat and sustenance. Verily, the entire universe is athrill with God.

We must surely conclude from our study of nature, that God is very beautiful in character. Beauty must be in the artist's soul before it can be transferred to the canvas. He who filled the universe with loveliness must be more beautiful than anything that He has made. The highest beauty is always coupled with strength. This is true of nature, architecture and character. There is a delicate beauty in the flower, but it is joined with weakness and frailty, and soon passes away. The beauty of the human form and face, like that of the blossom, soon fades; but the beauty of character is more enduring than the mountains, and will exist when what are called the everlasting hills shall have crumbled to dust.

As we gaze upon such scenes as Yosemite, or the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, we are compelled to cry out with the psalmist, "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."

Judging from what we see about us, we are forced to the conclusion that in the character of Him who designed and executed it all, there is the highest degree of strength and beauty, without any accompanying weakness. What has nature to say in regard to the patience of God? A considerable portion of the Yellowstone Park presents a picture of awfulness and ugliness, rather than grandeur and beauty. There is an immense geyser, with its whirl-

ing lake of mud, that seems like the very mouth of hell. There are fissures, out of which the steam comes hissing with deafening roar. There are hot springs which have been depositing minerals, layer upon layer, millenium after millenium, until they have formed hills which might properly be called mountains. There is no better place for the student to observe God's methods of working. There the Creator is still busy, putting the finishing touches to the world. It would be unjust to judge Jehovah by His unfinished works. Out of all this seeming desolation may finally come the greatest loveliness.

In the Yellowstone Park there are regions, I ween,
Quite as dreary as any that mortals may know;
There are odors of sulphur, and hisses of steam;
There are geysers that spout from the regions below;
There are basins called paint pots of sulphurous clay,
Having various colors, which constantly spit
Like volcanoes; these, boiling by night and by day,
Slowly build up their craters; but, like to the pit,
Or Inferno of Dante this region appears
At the present. This place where the colors are made
May in time, after lapses of thousands of years,
Be possessed of the beauty which now is displayed
By the wonderful Yellowstone Canyon so gay,
Which was once such a factory, where shades divine
Were prepared; but the Yellowstone River made way
By degrees through formations of sulphur and lime;
And so cutting the paint pots, the colors ran down
The steep sides of the canyon in wonderful dyes,—
Mighty splashes and streaks of red, yellow and brown,
In some place like rainbows, dropped down from the
skies.

Those who regard the creation days as periods of twenty-four hours, instead of millions of years, lose the valuable lesson which nature should teach us of the wonderful patience of God, Who is still slowly working, making a better and ever better world. It is a mystery how any one can study nature, and fail to be impressed by the wisdom of the Creator. How marvelous are the natural laws by which He governs the universe! Not one of these could be modified in the slightest degree without being followed by disaster. How wonderful is that law by which the earth is made fruitful. The atmosphere at a given temperature absorbing a certain amount of moisture, and precipitating the same in refreshing showers when the temperature is slightly reduced; the continued process of purifying the air by means of vegetation; the ocean currents, which bring to the northern shores of Europe and America the warm waters of the tropics; the piling up of the loftiest mountains, like the Andes and the Himalayas in tropical regions, in order that their mantles of snow may continually counteract, to some extent, the perpendicular rays of the torrid sun; the alternation of day and night; the position of oceans and deserts;—everything subserving some useful purpose in the economy of Jehovah. Time will not permit even the mentioning of those natural phenomena which everywhere display the wisdom of the Creator.

Something of the gentleness of God may be learned from His method of doing things. The millions of tons

of water required for the productiveness of the earth are carried thousands of miles, and distributed without any fuss or noise, and so gently as not to injure a petal of the smallest flower. The planets go speeding on their way so silently that no natural ear is keen enough to detect the song of the universe. The goodness and love of God are shown in His providing for the wants of all His creatures, giving not only those things necessary to sustain existence, but ministering to the delight of every sense and filling every life with joy. Even in the struggle for existence, His goodness may be seen, as in this way He lifts His creatures to a higher condition of life.

Though we may learn so much of God through His works, we never could have perfectly understood His nature without the coming to earth of Jesus, to show us the Father.

We will see presently that Jesus was in character all that nature teaches us that God must be.

The visible mantle of God we see
In the dome of the sky and the sweep of the sea,
And the clover pied field, where the lark and the bee
 Make music the livelong day ;
But the image of God which is clouded and dim
In humanity, glows to perfection in Him
Who shows us the Father, and saves us from sin,
 And teaches the heavenly way.

We visit the home of a gentleman whom we have never seen. We are shown into the parlor or library, and while

waiting for the owner of the mansion to appear, we look around and infer his opulence, or the reverse by the furnishings of the apartment; his taste in art by the pictures on the walls; his knowledge by the books on the shelves.

By glancing 'round a person's home,
Much may be learned of him who dwells
Within its walls; for every tome
Upon the shelves a story tells
Of education. Pictures hung
Upon the walls at least infer
His taste in art; each thing, though dumb,
Has power to speak of character.
But in this way we never know
The owner; and, indeed, surprise
Will be our portion, when below
He comes, and looks us in the eyes,
And grasps us kindly by the hand,
And friendly words between us flow;
'Tis then the man we understand;
Before we guessed, but did not know.

The universe is our Father's house. This world is but one of its rooms. By looking around us, we may learn much of Him who made and governs all; but we never could have fully understood what God is, had He not come down to earth in the person of the Christ, and dwelt with men, and spoken with them face to face.

Though nature can never take the place of the Bible, much benefit will accrue from studying the two revelations together. If Christ is really divine, we must find



Dr. and Mrs. Sturge, with Assistant Workers.
Group of Young Men of Presbyterian Japanese Mission and Y. M. C. A.

in His character all those attributes (beauty, wisdom, patience, gentleness, etc.) which nature clearly tells us belong to God. When we speak of the beauty of Christ, we refer, of course, to His character. His features must have possessed wondrous beauty, for such joy, and peace, and wisdom and love as were His could not fail in making their impression upon His countenance. The greatest artists have been unable to give to the portraits of our Master all the beauty that we know must have been there. True it is, that His physical beauty was marred for our sake, but in character He was faultless, and altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand times ten thousand.

As to His wisdom, even His enemies testified that "Never man spake like this man." His patience was manifested in His bearing with the frailties of His followers, and in teaching them to forgive, not seven times only, but seventy times seven. In His quiet method of doing things, and in His gentleness, He fulfilled the prophecy which said: "He shall not strive nor cry; neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break and the smoking flax shall He not quench." Thus, we find exemplified in the character of Jesus all that nature teaches us the Father must be; and in the handiwork of Him, who, with the Son and Holy Spirit, created all things, we have another powerful witness to the divinity of our Lord and Saviour.

CONCLUSION.



No other nation on the globe is so much inclined to be hero worshipers, and idealists as the Japanese. They often deify pre-eminent persons in their history.

They are, therefore, keen critics and good judges upon the subject. The Japanese who are acquainted with our doctor regard him as an ideal Christian gentleman who exemplified the mind of Christ symmetrically and consistently.

He may not be a man with a meteoric career, or great popularity, but one of modest, self-denial and eminent piety, as an old adage says, "A most excellent person forgets his own renown."

The subject of this sketch is a great lover of the beautiful, friend of nature, sympathizer of humanity, and a deep student of the Divine Word.

The following lines of mine were doubtless inspired by the real character of our subject.

CHRISTLIKE MOTIVES.

Who should be the greater hero?
 He who captures cities by the sword,
 Or he who subdues his own heart,
 And lives not for self but for others?
 Such is of heroes the mightiest,
 For does not the gentle Master say,
 "The meek shall inherit the earth"?
 My motto here would be—
 "King over self."

The king is a public servant ; so said a savant.
 He serves for the nation's welfare.
 He who humbled Himself to man's estate,
 Who came not to be ministered unto,
 But to aid humanity in all its woes,
 Him alone! the noblest, greatest, best,
 Born to the humblest, yet He the most divine.

My motto here would be—

“ Servant for men.”

To shine in the light of God,
 As the sunflower turns to the sun,
 As the needle obeys the Power supreme ;
 Be wise like the serpent,
 And harmless as the dove ;
 Those are the sweetest in heaven above,
 Such as Israel loved of God.
 Pray, “Not my will, but Thine.”

My motto shall be—

“ Child of God.”

Among his friends our doctor is held in the highest esteem. The Japanese people regard him as a Christlike leader, and to his students he is an ideal teacher and object of great devotion. All of our young people who have come in contact with our Doctor and Mrs. Sturge have learned to love and revere them as an ideal father and mother. Their love for us is such that they would be glad of the opportunity of guiding many hundreds more of our young men, who are far from home, into the fold of Christ.

Doctor's ideal of education is to place good and noble examples before his students in order that they may develop into strong Christian characters.

Though his noble work may now seem somewhat obscure, the results show a great ingathering of souls for the kingdom of our Master.

More than three hundred young people from the Sunrise Kingdom during the years that are past, have united with our Japanese Presbyterian Church through the teaching and influence of our kind missionaries (I mean our Doctor and Mrs. Sturge).

Many of these Christians have returned to their homeland beyond the sea, where they are now engaged in working for our glorious Master and the welfare of our beloved country.

For fifteen unbroken years, our beloved doctor has been my esteemed guardian, admirable teacher, confidential friend and elder brother in Christian fellowship. My admiration and affection toward our Doctor and Mrs. Sturge has truly increased with the passing years. Though I may not be a good representative, yet I am one of the best witnesses of their faithful efforts and untiring labor in the name of the Divine Master, and for the sake of humanity. They have given us beautiful pictures of their happy home life and set before us many Christlike examples during these years. It is a very great honor and pleasure to us to be authorized by the committee to publish some selected poems and addresses of our beloved



Rev. H. C. Minton, D.D., L.L.D. Rev. A. J. Brown, D.D. Hon. K. Uyeno.
Rev. M. C. Harris, D.D. Hon. K. Tosawa. Rev. I. M. Condit, D.D.

leader, together with kind expressions of distinguished friends on this fifteenth anniversary of their missionary life among our Japanese people on the Pacific Coast.

JOSEPH K. INAZAWA.

August 11, 1903.



AN APPRECIATION.



Perhaps the most interesting and venerable name among foreigners connected with the development of Japan and her recent initiation into the comity of world powers is that of Commodore Perry. The story of his arrival in Japan and the consequent friendly relations which have grown up between his country and the nation, whose hospitality he sought, is instructive as well as beautiful. Due to the strong efforts of this great American, Japan, then a hermit land of the far East, was compelled to open up commercial and diplomatic intercourse with the western nations. Our country has made wonderful progress, both intellectually and materially, during the last two score and ten years; and for this we owe much to the friendly aid and co-operation of the people of the United States. It is right, therefore, that we should always respect and cherish the name of this great benefactor to our country—Commodore Perry.

But we should remember, at the same time, that there were, and are now, many other Perrys, who have given

their sincere council and who have rendered valuable assistance in effecting the progress of our people, both at home and abroad. Since the opening of friendly relations with America, our people have been immigrating into this vast and wonderful country; and we are to-day nearly twenty thousand strong. Many of our pioneers have encountered great difficulties and perplexities. Some have left behind them only their graves to narrate the tale of their careers, and all have come with the feeling that they were among a "strange people and under strange stars." But as we often see beautiful flowers blooming here and there among the briars and dried thorns, so these people have found on this stranger soil many kind hearts and great souls, who have shown them consideration and sympathy. To them we are greatly indebted for our prosperity on this coast and our friendship with the people here. Among these kindly Americans Dr. Sturge stands very prominent.

Dr. Sturge has lived among the Japanese on this coast for nearly twenty years. His services as a Christian missionary, as a friend, and as a reformer, have been invaluable to our people. He has never sought any public honor or remuneration for his work. Both he and his wife have ever acted the part of true brother and sister to the Japanese, whom they have taken under their guidance and protection. The purity of their purpose and their unselfishness have won for them the deep and lasting gratitude of the Japanese people.



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|------------------------------|----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1—Rev. A. Hattori. | 7—Tachu Date. | 13—Mrs. E. A. Sturge. | 19—Rev. S. Kodama. |
| 2—Rev. K. Mitani. | 8—Rev. T. Sakabe. | 14—Rev. G. Motokawa. | 20—M. Mogi. |
| 3—The Late Rev. T. Okuro. | 9—Rev. S. Hata. | 15—T. Hosokai. | 21—T. Masuda. |
| 4—G. Ishikawa. | 10—M. Aoki. | 16—S. Kimishima. | 22—Y. Hiratsuka. |
| 5—The Late Dr. Otto Hoshino. | 11—T. Masada. | 17—Rev. J. K. Inazawa. | 23—Prof. Kakujiro Ishikawa. |
| 6—S. Misaki, B. A. | 12—Dr. E. A. Sturge. | 18—Y. Imai. | 24—S. Yamamoto, B. A. |

In commemoration of this faithful work, and for the purpose of honoring their benefactors a small circle of Japanese have, therefore, collected the poems and verses composed by Dr. Sturge, with the intention of publishing them. They have asked me to add a few dedicatory words, stating the purpose of this book, which I most cheerfully do; and it gives me pleasure to join most heartily both in my public and private capacity, with the entire Japanese community, in thanking Dr. and Mrs. Sturge for their long and patient labor among our people on this coast.

KISABURO UYENO,

*His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Consul,
San Francisco, Cal.*



A TRIBUTE TO DR. STURGE.



On the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the labors of my friend Dr. Sturge, I join the hosts of his friends in testifying my unfeigned appreciation of his character, and admiration for his self-denying service to the exiled youth of Japan in California.

We have been colleagues and co-workers all these years, and during this time there has never been a shadow of doubt or misunderstanding. In all our relations he has shown himself to be a Christian man of single purpose, humble spirit, noble ideals and utterly free from all un-

worthy feelings. He has rejoiced and sorrowed with me, and, in the truest sense, proved himself to be a friend without partiality and without fault.

I wish to bear testimony to his meritorious labors. He has rendered service to hundreds of ambitious, hard-working students, a service given as a free-will offering—expecting nothing, and content with the sense of duty done. His humility of soul is well-known to all his pupils, for he would blush to find himself known to fame. Dr. Sturge is a man of attainments, learned in medicine and religious and general literature, with a keen appreciation of the higher values of culture and character. His personality, rounded and symmetrical, is invested with a rare charm, which inspires love and admiration in all, because none can know him and not be attracted irresistibly to him.

It is the painful lot of the Japanese to meet many Americans who are by no means ideal gentlemen, and it is, therefore, gratifying that in the person of our beloved friend, the sons of Japan may see an American Christian gentleman,—true to his country and calling—and at the same time large enough in heart and mind to love and appreciate all men, according to their worth and unstintedly give his life for their well being.

In this tribute I would include Mrs. Sturge, who has been one with her husband in rendering this beautiful service in Christ's name. In her, hundreds of pupils have seen the ideal wife and perfect woman, and have felt the

sympathetic touch of her hand in their trials and struggles to realize their aims in life.

For the good work they have done for Japan, our thanks ascend to heaven, and we join with all who know them in asking that life and strength may be given them for many future years of fruitful effort in behalf of the youth of the Sunrise Land.

M. C. HARRIS.

December 16, 1902.



LETTER FROM REV. A. J. BROWN, D.D.



NEW YORK, October 31, 1902.

*Rev. J. K. Inazawa, 121 Haight St.,
San Francisco, California,—*

MY DEAR MR. INAZAWA: I am very glad to learn from your letter of the 19th inst. that the friends of Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Sturge are to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their missionary life on the Pacific Coast, and the Board of Foreign Missions in New York wishes to extend its very hearty congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Sturge on that auspicious occasion. We hold them in high regard as earnest, devoted servants of Christ who have proved themselves signally useful in the Master's service. It is a joy to us to know that so many of the Japanese who are in our country come under the influence of such missionaries, and we are sure that the results will endure.

Unfortunately, our biographical data regarding Dr. and Mrs. Sturge are not as full as we could desire, for they are as modest as they are faithful. Dr. Sturge received his professional training as a physician in the University of Pennsylvania, taking his diploma in 1880. His consecration to Christ led him to offer himself to our Board for Foreign Missionary service, June 28, 1880. The Board gladly commissioned him and assigned him to the Siam Mission. August 1st of that year, he sailed for that distant land, followed by the loving prayers of the Board and of many relatives and friends.

Their missionary life in Siam lasted only half a decade, but when I was in that country only a few months ago, I found that many very lovingly remembered to this day the consistent life and Christian influence of Dr. and Mrs. Sturge. Ill health compelled them to return to America in 1885, but they were too valuable workers to be lost, and so, in 1886, the Board had pleasure in appointing them to the charge of the mission work among the Japanese in California. Their labors for Christ and for their fellow-men since that time are well known.

I vividly remember the evidences I found during my visit in San Francisco of the large place which Dr. and Mrs. Sturge occupy in the hearts of the Japanese, and we earnestly and affectionately pray that in coming years the blessing of God may rest in even more abundant measure upon them.

Cordially yours,

ARTHUR J. BROWN.

A PLEA.

(To Dr. and Mrs. Sturge, in the name of the Japanese.)



Wind-blown bells of far pagodas
Lure you to an alien land,
Where the skies have longer summer
Than this fiercer northern strand;
Land of youthful love and labor,
Where you made our King "a way,"
Glad forerunners with your brothers,
Of the Christ's incoming day.

Fairer fields of home await you,
Toil for comrades of your race;
Yet we pray you bide and bless us,
Be our own a little space.
Soon the perfect years of heaven,
With their endless treasure store,
And the light beyond the shadows,
Shall be yours forever more.

'Neath the white brows of our mountains,
Where the white waves whisper "Come",
And where nightingales are singing
To the fragrant-flowering plum,—
Aye, from all our sunward islands,
From these shores you love so well,
Happy hearts shall breathe a blessing,
Grateful lips your name shall tell.
Bide, then, by the sunset waters
Till immortal dawns arise,
And the King shall bid you welcome
To the glory of His skies.

—F. B. H. (Mrs. M. C. Harris.)

A COLLEAGUE'S APPRECIATION.

REV. I. M. CONDIT, D.D.



It affords me much pleasure to give my little tribute of high esteem to Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Sturge, and the noble work among the Japanese, in which they are engaged. I have known them intimately for more than ten years. During all this time we have worked side by side,—Dr. Sturge in the Japanese, and I in the Chinese mission. There has never been a jar between us, and I do not see how one could arise when I think of his loving, gentle spirit. I find it a source of joy to look back over these years, and think of the pleasant relations which have ever existed between us, and the mutual help we have delighted to give each other in our respective departments of work.

In addition to my personal feelings of high esteem, I take great pleasure in speaking of Dr. Sturge's faithfulness and efficiency in his mission work. He has ever had the good of others at heart, and is entirely devoted to the welfare of the Japanese people. His first love was for the Siamese, to whom he gave the earlier years of his missionary life. But his second love and marriage to the Japanese, is one which comes with maturer experience and riper devotion to the dear Master's cause. Modest and unassuming in his nature, he is not the one to herald

his own labors, and yet what he is doing in the sphere of his own mission among the Japanese for their welfare, is worthy of any man's life.

No one could be more faithful to duty, or wisely in earnest in its performance, than is Dr. Sturge. I have tried sometimes to persuade him that he should ease down a little in some of the more difficult parts of his work; but I do not think, judging by results, that my advice has had much weight. He is ever seeking to devise and carry out fresh plans by which he may reach more of the people, and make his work more fruitful in results.

Dr. Sturge has much to encourage him. Success is the standard by which life is usually measured, and his work is marked by a successful record. The increasing number of Japanese who are coming has enlarged his field, and given him more material on which to bestow his labors. He is continually permitted to gather in fruit. The readiness of the Japanese to embrace Christianity has been an inspiration, and fruitful source of good results. Never, I believe, has a communion season passed without some witnessing for Christ; and often large numbers at a time have made their profession of faith.

It makes me glad to see how much the good doctor, and the wife who so faithfully labors at his side, are appreciated by the Japanese. They know their worth, and find delight at all times, and now especially on this anniversary occasion, in giving expression to their high regard for them.

The earnest prayer of both Mrs. Condit and myself is, that their bow may long abide in strength, and that our Japanese friends may have Dr. and Mrs. Sturge to labor among them for many good years to come.



PERSONAL ESTIMATE OF DR. STURGE.

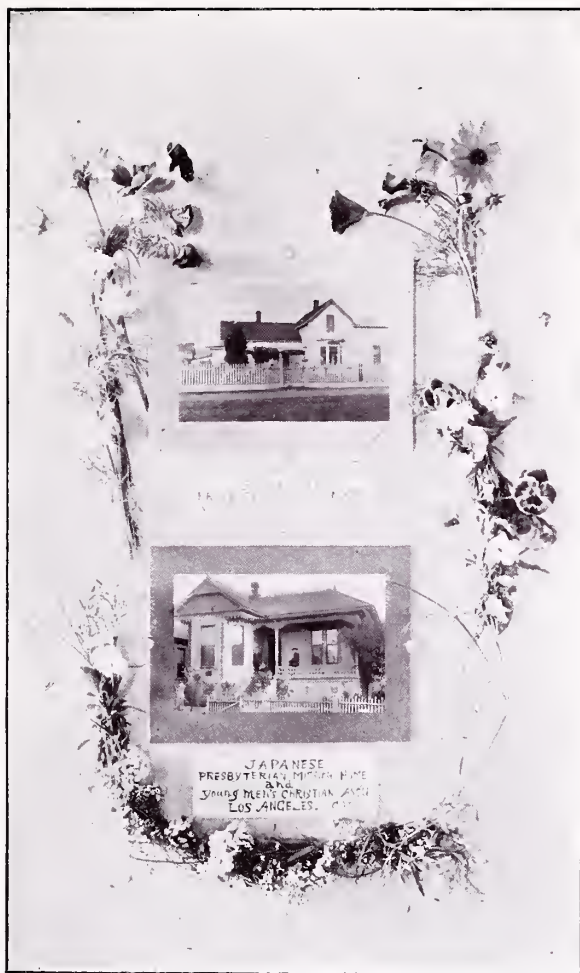
BY REV. FUMIO MATSUNAGA, TOKIO, JAPAN.

(Translation.)



The savant of Concord, in praising the sage of Portland, once said, "He possessed a spirit of beauty." Now, to Dr. Sturge, saint of Golden Gate Bay, and spiritual knight of the twentieth century, a true friend of the people of the Cherry Blossom Kingdom, I will offer the same praise which Emerson tendered to Longfellow, as a wreath of heavenly honor.

Dr. Sturge (as reflected in my eyes) is, indeed, a model Christian gentleman, possessing much beauty of character, with a spirit of sincerity, modesty of action, life of simplicity, and above all, staunch faith. To many a Japanese young man, a stranger in a foreign land, forlorn, and suffering with loneliness, struggling with dreadful temptations, hard work and unceasing study, in the city of the seven hills, he has been as a good father, kind teacher, and true friend in order to encourage, comfort, advise and educate them.



New Presbyterian Japanese Mission Home, Watsonville, Cal.
Japanese Presbyterian Mission and Y. M. C. A.,
616 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.

His good nature and beautiful character, fair opinion, cordial and sincere friendship, chivalric spirit, sacrificial deeds, have caused admiration and reverence in the minds of our Japanese young men.

He spares nothing for the exaltation of Christ and the elevation and welfare of our Japanese people.

This self-denial and magnanimity reminds us that though an American gentleman he resembles a Japanese knight of the medieval age.

Being a citizen of America, where sometimes utilitarian power and the force of the almighty dollar prevails, yet he often has told us of his admiration for that majestic Mount Fuji, capped with everlasting snow, and said of that sovereign peak which pierces the blue sky of the far East, "Is it not representative and characteristic of the sublime esthetic spirit of your Japanese people?"

Amongst the decorative articles which particularly attracted our attention in his reception room, where he always cordially welcomes our Japanese people, is a Japanese sword, symbolical of the spirit of Yamato Knighthood, by which we can readily perceive the personal taste of the host.

I once presented him a copy of "*Bushido*" (Knighthood) or "Soul of Japan," by Dr. Inazo Nitobe, Japan. In return, he wrote me a letter and mentioned that* the spirit of Japanese Knighthood in many respects corresponded to that of the apostle Paul.

If Christianity really conforms to the spirit of Japanese Knighthood, doubtless Christianity in Japan might equal or excel that of the Occident in the Spirit of Christ.

The doctor has a profound *interest* in our country and people, and is a true friend of the Japanese nation.

He is more a man of deeds than of words. He is an illustrative preacher of pure Gospel truth, with a simple, clear and elegant expression. He appears more like a poet than a philosopher. Though not a professional, he really has poetry innate in his being, and his poetical expressions are full of sublime and spiritual savor.

He is truly a minister, but not one who has obtained ordination by an ecclesiastical order. He is not a Japanese Knight, though possessed with the spirit of a Knight.

When he was moved by his unbounded and unfathomable love of Christ he laid aside his medical profession for the welfare of our people, and by bearing the cross he unfolds the truths of Christ through his sincerity and sympathy. Whenever we think of his constant loyalty we always receive inspiration from above.



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The spirit of Japan

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